THE

CANDID PHILOSOPHER:

OR,

FREE THOUGHTS

ON

MEN, MORALS, AND MANNERS.

" Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
" But looks through Nature up to Nature's GOD."
POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF ABINGDON,

THE

ASSERTOR OF FREEDOM,

THE

OPPOSER OF TYRANNY,

THE

ADVOCATE FOR THE

RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT,

IN ALL MATTERS

CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL,

THESE

FREE THOUGHTS

ARE MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE

CANDID PHILOSOPHER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE

THE CANDID PHILOSOPHER.

THE ſtrongeſt Argument of the Being of a GOD appears to me, to be the pleaſing or uneaſy Senſations we cannot help feeling at the Commiſſion of a good or evil Action. Our Conſcience is ſo delicately made, that, unleſs blunted by habitual Violations, it ſtarts with Repugnance, even at the Thought of a wicked Act; but when Witneſs to a good one, it gives the whole Soul ſuch a ſoft Serenity and ſelf-Satisfaction that nothing can equal. What is

the Cauſe of this? Who gave us this inward, this great MENTAL JUDGE? Who, but the generous "Giver of all good Things." HE, who having made Man a free but frail Agent, beſtowed on him a nice Senſe of Good and Evil, that he might embrace the one, and turn aſide with Abhorrence from the other.

THIS great Mental Judge, or, this "Lord Chief Juſtice in the "Court of Man," as Conſcience is moſt beautifully and emphatically ſtyled, does not act with Prejudice or Partiality. This Judge does not viſit alone the Great and Powerful of the Earth, but condeſcends to Men of low Eſtate. The moſt ignorant are directed by *his* Admonitions, and are inſtructed by *his* Decrees. In Matters of Learning, or Subjects of Science, the World in general muſt be led by thoſe that have made Science and Learning their pecu-

peculiar Studies; but no implicit Faith ſhould be given to any one Man, or Body of Men, in Subjects merely relative to Conſcience. Conſcience alone is here competent. Conſcience alone muſt direct and guide the Man, and judge of his Works. If a Conclave of Cardinals, or a Convocation of Biſhops, approve an Action, and Conſcience diſapprove it, the Conclave and Convocation are both to be diſregarded, and Conſcience to be heeded. The Reaſon is evident. The Convocation and Conclave are compoſed of *mortal* STUFF; but Conſcience is of *heavenly* WORKMANSHIP.

SINCE then in every Action we commit, nay, in almoſt every Thought we conceive, the Idea of a GOD ariſes to our Mind, that very Idea, to me, is a convincing Proof that there *is* a GOD, and that that GOD gave us ſuch Idea, in order that a Conſciouſneſs of

His BEING and JUSTICE might be a perpetual Monitor to us, to walk in the Ways of Virtue, and of Truth.

PREDESTINATION, in the Senſe it is generally taken, is a moſt uncomfortable, as well as a moſt impious Doctrine. Yet I apprehend it to be no Impeachment of the DIVINE GOODNESS to ſay, that from all Eternity he knew every Thing that was to happen. Were we to make the ſmalleſt Deduction from his Foreknowledge, by excluding the ſmalleſt Contingency poſſible from it, we muſt rob him of his Attribute of INFINITE Wiſdom. If then he ſaw all human Things, and all human Actions from Eternity, by infinite Wiſdom; he muſt have alſo ſeen his own rewarding

warding or puniſhing Actions from all Eternity. For however GOD ſhall have acted at the End of Time, he as perfectly knew at the Beginning of Time he would have ſo acted.—He foreſaw all *Actions*, and foreknew all *Conſequences*.—Yet this Foreknowledge, and this Predeſtination, *if it be Predeſtination*, does not rob Man of his Free-Agency. Man *feels* he is free, though he may be unable to demonſtrate *how* he is ſo. Let him then make the beſt Uſe of that *feeling Conviction*; for he was ſent on the Theatre of this World, not to DISPUTE IDLY, but to ACT WISELY.

I DON'T know that I have ever read any Author of Eminence, who has undertaken to ſhew the Advantage that may be deduced

from *Dreams:* Yet I have read Numbers that have ridiculed the very Idea of any Notices being to be conveyed by, or any Faith placed in them. But let me obſerve, that there is not a ſingle Thought can ariſe to our Minds in our ſleeping Moments, not a ſingle Image can be *embodied* to our then moſt vivid Imagination, but is the Creature of GOD!—However wild and fantaſtic the Appearances then are to our Mind's Eye, however incoherent the Thoughts, yet there is not one but was formed by the Deity. With this Truth in our View therefore, we may juſtly ſay, that "Dreams deſcend from "GOD," and ought not to be ſo generally ridiculed as they are. We ought not indeed to pay Regard to every common Dream, for that, like an *Ignis fatuus*, would miſlead us; but when, in ſome great Occurrence of Life, GOD ſhall think proper to admoniſh or direct us, though not altogether ſo

clearly

clearly as we could wiſh; it would be no great Harm, methinks, for us to pay ſome Attention to him, to conſider the Meaning of the Scenes he has raiſed to our ſleeping View, and not to be "diſobedient to the heavenly Viſion."

If in former Times Faith was put in Dreams, and Joseph could expound thoſe of Pharaoh, and Daniel thoſe of Nebuchadnezzar, I ſee no Reaſon why ſome Regard ſhould not be paid to them now, if it be true, as I believe it is, that Men *dream* now as much as Men *dreamt* formerly.

It has been doubted by ſome Writers, whether there is in Reality any ſuch Perſon as an Atheiſt. They might as well doubt, whether there is in Reality any

any ſuch Perſon as a Fool. Of Fools indeed there are many, and therefore there may be many Atheiſts. Every Fool, however, is not an Atheiſt, but every Atheiſt is a Fool.

VOLTAIRE's trying SHAKESPEAR at the Bar of the Antients is as abſurd as to try a Perſon at a Bar whoſe Juriſdiction he denies. SHAKESPEAR's Drama was not intended to reſemble the antient Drama. It was a new and *ſuperior* Kind. His Muſe deſpiſed the Fetters that would reſtrain her Flight. She was an ENGLISH Muſe, and fired with that high Spirit of Liberty that is congenial to her Country. SHAKESPEAR as much out-ſoared SOPHOCLES or EURIPIDES, TERENCE or PLAUTUS, as the ſtrong-

ſtrong-winged Eagle out-ſoars the petty Wren. SHAKESPEAR would receive Laws from no Man. He was himſelf a Legiſlator. He did not attack the Heart according to the paltry Modes of Fencing-Authors, who practiſe by Rule, but he pierced it like a Flaſh of Lightning.

I HAVE ever thought it a great Blemiſh in ſome of the Greek Tragedies to endeavour to excite Pity by the Repreſentation of the Agonies of bodily Pain. This Breach of Decorum the chaſter Britiſh Drama would by no Means tolerate. A Britiſh Audience would not regard the Sufferings of a PHILOCTETES from a *ſore Foot* with Sympathy; but hiſs the Author and the Actor who ſhould attempt to awaken Compaſſion by a Circumſtance

cumſtance ſo unfit for Repreſentation.

THERE can be no perfect Happineſs to be found on Earth: If there was, what Occaſion would there be for a Heaven?

THAT Mankind are caught by external Appearances, is a trite Obſervation. A JULIUS CÆSAR on a Scaffold, and a JULIUS CÆSAR on a Throne, excite in the Obſerver very different Senſations. The Reaſon is, we judge by the Event, not the intrinſic Merit of Things. According to this Mode of judging, a ſucceſsful Rebellion may be called

ed a Revolution, and a brave, but unfortunate Struggle for violated Rights and Liberties may be termed a Rebellion. To give another, though ſomewhat coarſe Inſtance, of the Truth of my Remark, I muſt obſerve, that a Hero, drawn in a majeſtic Attitude, cloathed with the Trappings of War, and adorned with Laurels, would excite every one's Admiration; but the ſame Hero, drawn ſitting on a Cloſe-ſtool, would only provoke a Laugh.—No Man, ſaid Prince EUGENE, was ever a Hero in the Eyes of his Valet de Chambre.

WHEN AGESILAUS, the great Spartan Captain, landed in Egypt, the King's principal Generals, and great Officers of his Houſehold, came to his Ship to receive, and make their Court to him.

him. The reſt of the Egyptians were as ſolicitous to ſee him, from the great Expectation which the Name and Renown of AGESILAUS had excited in them, and came in Multitudes to the Shore for that Purpoſe. But when, inſtead of a great and magnificent Prince, according to the Idea his Exploits had given them of him, they ſaw nothing ſplendid or majeſtic either in his Perſon or Equipage, but only an old Man of a mean Aſpect, and diminutive Stature, and dreſſed in a bad Robe of very coarſe Stuff, they were ſeized with an immoderate Diſpoſition to laugh, and applied the Fable of the Mountain in Labour to him. —Theſe Egyptians did not act in a more abſurd or ridiculous Manner than Mankind in general now act; who form their Opinions and Expectations according to the outward Appearances of Men and Things; not conſidering that a moſt valuable Jewel may

may be incloſed in a worthleſs Caſket.

THE many Accounts we read in old Authors, of the Appearance of Ghoſts, I have ever looked upon, as ſo many Proofs of their *ſuperſtitious Ignorance*. It is true, that many of theſe Accounts are related with ſuch apparent Conviction of their Truth, and ſuch poſitive Evidence is given of their Reality, as might for ſome Time make PHILOSOPHY herſelf heſitate, and remain, like the Schoolman's Aſs, in Suſpenſe. But after weighing the Subject maturely, ſhe muſt conclude, that ſuch Appearances are repugnant to the whole Syſtem of Nature, formed by NATURE'S GOD; that they deſtroy the vaſt Chain of Things which unites the natural

and moral Worlds; and that they even bring the Wiſdom and Juſtice of the DEITY himſelf into Queſtion. The Interpoſition of the ALMIGHTY, even in Caſes of Murder, I can never credit. Such Interpoſition would be *Evidence*: And to ſuppoſe the AUTHOR OF THE UNIVERSE would be a *Witneſs* at a human Tribunal, againſt a poor Wretch he wanted to have convicted, I ſhould look upon as a blaſphemous Suppoſition.—I muſt, however, ſay, that a ſingle Inſtance of GOD's Interpoſition, by Means of raiſing up a Ghoſt, would do more to prove the Being of a GOD, and the Certainty of a future State, than all the Writings of all the Philoſophers and Theologiſts that ever lived. But this Inſtance muſt be well authenticated. The Ghoſt ſhould not appear to ſome diſturbed or Guilt-ſtruck Wretch, or ſome pious Viſionary: —Theſe nightly ſee Angels from Heaven, or Fiends from Hell:—

But

But he ſhould appear to a whole Court of Juſtice; whatever Offence againſt *Decorum* it might be for a Ghoſt to appear in the *Day-Time*.

I HAVE heard that Miracles have not ceaſed; for that there have been Inſtances of Miſers being Poets. I cannot believe ſuch improbable Things. They appear to me abſolute Contradictions: Nay, they appear Impoſſibilities. GOD may make a Poet; but GOD never made a Miſer. A Poet and Miſer therefore, cannot unite in the ſame Perſon: Poetry and Avarice are incompatible. If a Man poſſeſſes the celeſtial Fire of Poeſy, and pays his Devotions to the tuneful Nine; his Breaſt cannot be frozen by Avarice, nor can he be the Idolater of a Guinea. On the other Hand, a Miſer, who

places his *Summum Bonum* in the Number of his Guineas, muſt be inſenſible to the Numbers of Verſe. All that I will allow is, that a Miſer may be a Jingler of Rhymes, as he is a Jingler of Farthings;—his Rhymes will not poſſeſs a ſweet, ſilver-toned, but have a harſh, *brazen* Sound: So that the rhyming, jingling Miſer, though paſſionately fond of the ſublime Name of Bard, muſt ſubmit to take up that of Poetaſter; and to hear his raſh Attempts, to woo and win the Muſes, treated like the impotent Efforts of a fooliſh Eunuch, that can never ſucceed in what he ſo ardently deſires.

HOWEVER the preſent Age may have receded from genuine Piety, it has certainly made the moſt rapid Advances in a Free-

dom

dom and Liberality of Sentiment, which do Honour to human Nature. The French Nation has particularly diſtinguiſhed itſelf in this Reſpect. Its Writers diſplay a Vigour of Thought they have till now been almoſt Strangers to. They plead the Cauſe of human Nature, and aſſert Man's natural Rights with an Energy and Warmth, that ſeem to indicate the ſpeedy Downfall of that vaſt Fabric of Superſtition and Error, that has hitherto ſo greatly obſtructed the Progreſs of free Inquiry, and chilled even the Emotions of Humanity. What Writer of any Nation can expreſs himſelf with greater Zeal for the Sovereignty of the Laws, againſt the blind Will of the Monarch, the Tyranny of Miniſters, or the Clamour of a Mob, than to lay this down as a juſt Maxim? "Le Glaive "redoutable de la Juſtice n'a point "été depoſé dans les Mains des "Magiſtrats, pour venger des

" Haines particulieres, ni même " pour ſuivre les Mouvemens de " l'Indignation publique. C'eſt à " LA LOI SEULE qu'il appartient " de marquer les Victimes; et ſi " les Clameurs d' une Multitude " aveugle et paſſionnée pouvoient " décider les Juges à prononcer " une Peine capitale, l'Innocence " prendroit la Place du Crime, et " il n'y auroit plus de *Sûreté pour* " *le Citoyen.*" Theſe are juſt and excellent Sentiments; but they are not peculiar to this Writer. The greater Part of his Countrymen now think with the ſame Freedom, and ſpeak with the ſame Force. This liberal Spirit has a greater Tendency to exalt the French Nation than all the military Operations of their much-boaſted LEWIS XIV, whoſe Glories ſunk, and whoſe Victories impoveriſhed, the Kingdom he ſought to ſtrengthen and enrich. However as Engliſhmen we may lament the dawning Splendor of the

the French Monarchy, enlightened by the Sun of Science; yet, as Citizens of the Univerſe, we muſt rejoice at the great and glorious Effects produced by the GENIUS OF LIBERTY, that can turn SIBERIA's Deſerts into ALBION's fertile Plains; unlock the Sources of Plenty and Bliſs, and change Brutes and Slaves into Men and Heroes!

DR. MANDEVILLE's famous Book, the "Fable of the "Bees," to me appears founded in Error. His fundamental Principles, and on which he builds his whole airy Syſtem, are, "that "every Paſſion is a Vice;" and that "Vanity is the Source of all "thoſe Actions which are uſually "reputed virtuous."—Now, as I take it, the Paſſions only become vicious

vicious when ill directed, and inordinately extended; but when placed on proper Objects, and confined within due Bounds, they are the Sources of every Virtue and every Bliss. As to Vanity being the Source of Actions, termed virtuous, it is so manifestly false, as not to require an Answer. Vanity indeed might be Dr. MANDEVILLE'S Motive for writing his Book, and he might term his writing it virtuous: But Vanity is not my Motive for writing these THOUGHTS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS; yet I think my Motive for doing it virtuous, since it arises from a sincere Desire of doing some Good to my Readers.

WE read in many Authors great Encomiums on a Life of *Labour*,

Labour, and of the ſuperior Bleſſings of Peaſants and hard-working Men, whoſe temperate and abſtemious Lives not only make them enjoy an uninterrupted State of Health, but throw a Crimſon on their Cheeks, and give a Vigour to their Bodies, the Sons of Wealth and Affluence, they tell us, may in vain ſigh for. This ſounds well; but I own I am doubtful of the Fact. If I compare the working Part of Mankind, who fare hard, and work hard, with thoſe who eat and drink of the "good "Things of the Earth," I think I can diſcern better Complexions, choicer animal Spirits, and ſtronger Bodies in the latter than in the former. Inceſſant Labour, and coarſe and ſcanty Food have certainly a natural Tendency to weaken the Bodies of Mankind, and wear them out before their Time: And this we ſee is the Caſe. What become then of the fine-ſpun Theories of viſionary Authors,

thors, who ſo greatly extol a laborious Life?—Why, they are deſtroyed, like other Cobweb Syſtems, that will not bear *handling*.

IT is a common Saying, that our Miſery is leſſened by being *ſhared*. This Saying has been received for ſuch an undoubted Truth, that I do not remember ever ſeeing or hearing it contradicted. I can, however, from Experience, deny this Maxim to be a Matter of Fact. My ſeeing others in the ſame State of Miſery with myſelf, is ſo far from being a Conſolation to me, that it *aggravates* my Grief. I could bear my own Misfortune with Fortitude; but to ſee and know many others ſhare a Scene of Miſery with me, unmans me.—I was, a few Years ago, in my Paſſage from Dublin to

to Holyhead, in Danger of being loſt. The Sea ſwelled Mountains high, the Winds roared, and for three Days and Nights we were the Sport of the angry Elements. Thirty Paſſengers *ſhared*, but could not *leſſen*, my Diſtreſs. I felt for all; and thus was my Miſery augmented. At length we ſafely reached our wiſhed-for Port. Then indeed I found my Joy conſiderably heightened by being *ſhared*. From this experimental Knowledge, I draw this Concluſion; that both Joys and Griefs are augmented by Partnerſhip.

IN ſeveral of the Prayers in the Liturgy the King is called "our moſt *gracious* and *religious* "King,"—"his *ſacred* Majeſty,"—"our *moſt gracious* Sovereign,"—"our *dread* Sovereign,"—"our "*moſt*

" *moſt gracious* King and Gover-
" nor," *&c. &c.* Theſe Titles are indiſcriminately given to the *reigning* Monarch, whether he is a RICHARD *the Third*, or a GEORGE *the Third*. On this Subject a Volume might be written; but I ſhall only here obſerve, that I look on ſuch Titles to be not only the moſt bare-faced Flattery, to the reigning Monarch, and Profanation of Things ſerious, but an Inſult to the KING OF KINGS. To call CHARLES the Second a *religious* King, or RICHARD the Third a moſt *ſacred* and *gracious* King, when we are in the Houſe of GOD, and on our Knees addreſſing the KING OF GLORY, is ſuch a Mockery of Religion and Common Senſe, that I think the Man who can expect his Prayer to be granted, while he is equalling an *earthly Tyrant* to our HEAVENLY FATHER, (which he does when he calls him SACRED MAJESTY) muſt be either weak or wicked

wicked in the higheſt Degree.—To cloath a *Worm* with the Attributes of OMNIPOTENCE!—but I will ſay no more.

IN the Liturgy, the Prayer "for fair Weather" begins thus: "O Lord God, who haſt juſtly "humbled us by thy late PLAGUE "of immoderate Rain."—To call Rain, however exceſſive, a *Plague*, is no very ſound Philoſophy, however orthodox its Theology. Exceſſive Rain, though detrimental to ſome particular Places, may be for the Good of the Whole. GOD does not act by partial, but by general Laws. But, independent of this Conſideration, to ſay that GOD has ſent a *Plague* to the World (though what Theologiſts term a *Plague*, Philoſophers might term a *Bleſſing*) is to affirm that he

is the Author of Evil; a raſh and impious Suppoſition!—I leave to the *Ambaſſadors* of GOD, to clear themſelves from the Imputation of the Affront they have offered to their Maſter, by declaring that he is the Author of Evil, by ſending a *Plague* on the Earth.

THE deſtructive Vice of Gaming has been ſcourged with Whips of Scorpions, but all in vain: It rages as fierce as ever; and neither Exhortation from the Pulpit, or Satire from the Stage ſeems to have the leaſt Effect, in ſubduing it. The following Deſcription of the dreadful Effects the Fury of Gaming has on the Souls of its Votaries, and deforming the "human Face divine," one would hope, if ſeriouſly attended to, would have a particular Influence on

on the fair Part of the Creation, in inducing them to quit a Vice that has ſuch a malignant Power over their Beauty, and making thoſe Faces which, ſmoothed by ſerene Innocence, look divinely ſweet, appear to be the diſtorted Viſages of a Parcel of Fiends and Devils.

" After the Night had been near three Parts waſted,
Full half th' Aſſembly more like Spectres ſeem'd
Than of this World. The Clamour then grew great;
Whilſt ev'ry torturing Paſſion of the Soul
Glar'd in the ghaſtly Viſages of all.
Some grinn'd in Rage; ſome tore their Hair, whilſt others,
Upon their Knees, with Hands and Eyes upliſted,
In Curſes dared aſſail ALL-RULING PROVIDENCE,
Under the varied Names of *Fate* and *Fortune*:
Nor is there one in the black Liſt of Crimes,
Which theſe Infernals ſeem'd not prompt to perpetrate,
Whilſt on a Caſt their trembling Fortunes hung."
FEMALE GAMESTER.

To this Quotation I ſhall ſubjoin the Prologue to the Tragedy, I wrote at the Requeſt of its Author.

PROLOGUE.

THE Muſe prolific of a Vet'ran Bard
Again brings forth—but yet, with Labour hard.
Nor is it ſtrange, that ſuch a Muſe feels Pain,
When her Child ſtarts, like PALLAS, from the Brain,
Arm'd at all Points; when bold, ſhe dares engage,
With Truth's bright Arms, the Monſters of the Age;
When with juſt Aim ſhe points keen Satire's Dart,
And ſtabs the *foul Fiend* GAMING to the Heart.
YET has our Bard, to ſimple Nature true,
Not brought up Scenes of Grandeur to your View,
Not ſought by magic Arts to ſtrike your Eyes,
Nor made the Gods deſcend, or Fiends ariſe:
His Plan is humble, and his Fable plain,
The Town his Scene, and artleſs is his Strain;
Yet in that Strain ſome lambent Sparks ſtill glow
Of that bright Flame, which ſhew'd ALMEYDA's Woe,
Which far-fam'd TAMOR's SIEGE ſo well diſplay'd,
To fire each Hero, and to charm each Maid.
ATTEND, ye Fair and Brave!—Our daring Bard
Hopes in your Smiles to meet his beſt Reward.
And you, ye Critics! if to Cenſure bent,
Think on this Fact, and ſcorn the harſh Intent;
Our Bard would fain diſcordant Things unite,
As hard to reconcile as Day and Night;
He ſtrives within chaſte HYMEN's Bands to draw
The tuneful Maids and Sages of the Law,
Or, what's alike—nor think the Thing a Joke—
MELPOMENE to wed with old Judge COKE.
Yet ſtill, if you'll not let his Faults paſs free,
The Grecian Rev'rence pay to Sixty-three.

IN

In order to deter every Perſon from the dreadful Rage of Gaming, which never poſſeſſed the Minds of all Ranks of People more univerſally than at preſent; I ſhall here preſent my Readers with a little Poem I wrote ſome Time ſince; and which, I can aſſure them, is founded on a Matter of Fact, that came under my own Knowledge.

NARCISSA:

A TALE.

"*Hear me for my Cauſe!*"

SHAKESP.

YE matchleſs Fair, that grace this Iſle,
O ſhun the Gaming Rage!
'Twill ſpoil your Features, kill your Smile,
And haſten helpleſs Age.

II.

'Twill with a Tyrant's Force your Soul
In ſlaviſh Bondage keep,
And while on HOYLE your Thoughts ſtill roll,
His Laws will "murder Sleep."

III.

NARCISSA—but my Heart weeps Blood
To think upon her Fate;
NARCISSA—beauteous, wiſe, and good,
But ſhort, alas! her Date.

IV.

A Youth, for ev'ry Virtue fam'd,
For her Poſſeſſion ſigh'd;
The Deeds were drawn, the Day was nam'd
She was to be his Bride.

V. But

V.

But ah! before that wiſh'd-for Day,
The lovely, artleſs Maid
Was by a Col'nel ſtripp'd at Play,
By his vile Arts betray'd.

VI.

In Debt—alarm'd—afraid—confus'd,
She could enjoy no Reſt;
The Col'nel too, ſome Freedoms us'd,
And hard for Payment preſs'd.

VII.

Her Debt became the endleſs Source
Of Woes that lay upon her:
At length ſhe was compell'd by Force
To pay it with—her Honour.

VIII.

A Stranger now to Joy or Reſt,
She ſighs, but cannot ſpeak;
And while keen Anguiſh gnaws her Breaſt,
Care pales her Damaſk Cheek.

IX.

Deſpairing then to meet Relief,
On LIFFEY's Banks ſhe ſtood;
There mus'd awhile in ſpeechleſs Grief,
Then plung'd into the Flood.

X.

The Flood, like faithful Friends, the Maid
From ſinking long upbore;
But when it ceas'd its friendly Aid,
She ſunk—to riſe no more.

I ONCE ſaw an unlucky Boy, as he was paſſing by a fine Gelding, that ſtood at a Gentleman's Door, ſtrike him ſeveral ſmart Strokes with a Rattan he had in his Hand, which made the noble Beaſt curvet and teſtify great Uneaſineſs. This gave infinite Pleaſure to the Boy, who continued his Diverſion, notwithſtanding I called to him from a Window, to deſiſt. After amuſing himſelf a conſiderable Time, he happened to go too near the generous Beaſt, who finding his Enemy within his Reach, gave him ſuch a violent Kick on his Breaſt as killed him on the Spot. For this the poor Animal was ſoon afterwards ſhot through the Head——BY LAW, though the Boy was manifeſtly the firſt Aggreſſor.—This is ſomewhat

ſimilar

ſimilar to the ancient Jewiſh Law, that condemned not only the Beaſt, but the *Owner* to ſuffer Death. See EXOD. XXI. 29.

BUT if by the Laws of England Horſes are raiſed ſo high in the Scale of Being, as to be deemed *accountable Creatures*; what ſhall we ſay of the Laws of ſome of the Ancients, who conſidered *inanimate* Things in that Light?—The following Anecdote from SUIDAS will ſhew, in ſpight of its Abſurdity, that they really thought thus.

NICON, a Champion of Thaſos, an Iſland in the Ægean Sea, had been crowned Victor in the celebrated Games of Greece, fourteen hundred Times. After his Death, one of his *quondam* Competitors inſulted his Statue, by giving it ſeveral Blows, in Revenge of thoſe he had formerly received from him it repreſented: But the Statue, as if

if ſenſible of the Indignity, fell on its Inſultor, and killed him. The Son of this Perſon proceeded juridically againſt the Statue for Homicide; and conformably to one of DRACO's Laws, it was decreed that the Statue ſhould be thrown into the Sea.—Quære. Which is the wiſeſt Law? that which puniſhes a *Horſe*, or that which puniſhes a *Statue* for a mere Accident?—Ought any Being or Thing, that is totally ignorant of *Wrong* or *Right*, to be an Object of vindictive Juſtice?

WE, poor Moderns, who live near the "End of Time," as the *Parſons* call it, are ſtrangely degenerated. We have not near the Wiſdom, Honeſty, Patriotiſm, Wit, or Strength of Body, as the Antients had: And I do preſume that

that our Oaks are not ſo vigorous, our Fruit is not ſo good, our Vegetables are not ſo wholeſome, nor our Flowers ſo ſweet, as they were three or four thouſand Years ago. ——If the World goes on thus dwindling away, I wonder what Kind of Mortals, Oaks, Fruit, Vegetables, and Flowers, will exiſt or grow three or four thouſand Years hence.

SOLOMON called the Æra in which he reigned, the End of Time; the Apoſtles 1778 Years ago called their Æra, the End of Time; we call the preſent Æra, the End of Time; and perhaps, our Succeſſors, four or five thouſand Years hence, may call the Age they live in, the End of Time.—To ſpeak my Mind freely, the Expreſſion

preſſion is a mere random one, and ought to go for nothing.

A PRUDENT Man will not pay implicit Credit to all the wonderful Things he reads in antient Authors; but will exerciſe the Heaven-derived Right of private Judgment on every Subject that claims his Belief.—I could point out numerous Inſtances of the *Marvellous*, related by Hiſtorians, that are applicable to this Obſervation; but ſhall content myſelf with a few that are not ſo generally known as ſome others.

THE Baleares (now called Majorca and Minorca) ſays SENECA, produced the moſt expert Slingers in the World. They were

accuſtomed, from their Infancy, to handle the Sling; and to make them Adepts in this Exerciſe, their Mothers placed on the Tops of the loftieſt Trees the Pieces of Bread deſigned for their Children's Breakfaſt; who were not allowed a Morſel till they had brought it down with their Slings. —Can we believe this to be Matter of Fact? If we can, to whom ſhall we give the greateſt Praiſe? to the Mothers, as dextrous *Climbers*, who could mount the loftieſt Trees; or their Children, as expert *Slingers*, who could hit an Apple with a Stone at an incredible Diſtance?

But this hiſtorical Anecdote, wonderful as it is, muſt ſubmit to this. The ſame Seneca tells us, that theſe Slingers were ſo ſtrong, that they ſlung large Stones of above a Pound Weight; and threw leaden Bullets with ſuch Violence, that the Ball, when thrown from the

the Sling, *diſſolved*; and by the Friction of the Air, ran as if it was *melted by Fire*.—This is wonderful indeed! but as my Authority may be queſtioned, take his own Words: "*Liqueſcit excuſſa* "*glans funda, et attritu aeris, velut* "*igne, diſtillat.*" SENEC. Nat. Quæſt. l. 2. c. 57. Now I firmly believe that the ſtrongeſt Man living, *in theſe degenerate Days*, could not make a leaden Ball, of a Pound Weight, diſſolve as if melted by Fire, let him exert the utmoſt of his Strength in hurling it from a Sling.—How ſuperior were the *great* ANCIENTS to us *little* MODERNS!

THE Anecdotes related by Hiſtorians, of the Strength of the famous MILO the Champion, are

to the laſt Degree marvellous. This Perſon was born at Croton in Greece, and thence ſurnamed *Crotonienſis*. PAUSANIAS relates, that he was ſeven Times victorious in one Day, at the Pythian Games; and that he gained ſix Victories at Wreſtling, in the Olympic Games: That he would bind his Head with a Cord, after which, holding his Breath ſtrongly, the Veins of his Head would ſwell ſo prodigiouſly as to break the Rope: That when he fixed his Elbow to his Side, with his Fingers held cloſe one to the other, his Thumb excepted, which he raiſed, the utmoſt Strength of Man could not ſeparate his little Finger from the other three. STRABO ſays, that one Day as MILO was attending the Lectures of PYTHAGORAS, the Pillar which ſupported the Ceiling of the School in which the Pupils were aſſembled, being ſhaken by ſome Accident, MILO ſupported it by his ſingle Strength, and prevented

vented its falling. This celebrated Champion, ATHENÆUS ſays, had ſuch a prodigious Appetite, that he would eat above twenty Pounds of Meat, and the ſame Quantity of Bread at a Meal, and drink fifteen Quarts of Wine. He relates alſo, that this Champion having *run* ſeveral Miles with a huge Ox on his Shoulders, he *killed* him with one Blow of his Fiſt, and then EAT him for his Dinner!—Barely to relate theſe Wonders is, in Fact, expoſing them. But how ſuch lying Hiſtorians ſhould be ſo weak as to expect their Contemporaries, as well as Poſterity, to give Credit to their Fables, is abſolutely amazing.

DEMETRIUS, the Son of ANTIGONUS, fought a Battle

with PTOLEMY, in which he loſt above fifteen thouſand Men, all his Tents, Camp-Equipage, and Treaſures. PTOLEMY was a Prince of ſuch Humanity, that he generouſly reſtored all the Treaſure, obſerving, "I do not fight for Riches, "but for *Glory*."—Thus we ſee that a warlike, generous Prince diſdained Wealth: He deſpiſed the ſhining Droſs; but Murder and Bloodſhed, in this *humane* Prince's Eſtimation, was true Glory.

A PETTY, half-bred Villain, breaks into a Houſe, and while its Inhabitants are locked in the Arms of Sleep, cuts the Throats of the Man and Wife, ſtrangles their three innocent Babes, ſhoots the Servants through the Head, then ſtrips the Place of all its Furniture;—*good Gods!*

what

what a MONSTER!——A great Warrior, at the Head of an Army, lays whole Provinces in Blood; carries Fire and Deſolation through Fields ſmiling with Plenty; murders Thouſands of innocent Perſons; and forces his Way to a Throne through Blood and Slaughter; when ſeated there, in his royal Robes, the Diadem glittering on his Brow, the Sceptre gracing his Hand, Nobles, Prelates and Prieſts paying him a willing Obedience, and declaring he is the "Breath of their Noſtrils;" —*good Heavens! what a* HERO!

WHAT the Scripture calls by ſo coarſe a Name as Wh*r*d*m, the Courtier calls by the genteel Appellation *Gallantry*. What the Lawyer calls a Fee, for defending *Wrong* or *Right*, the honeſt Man calls

calls *Hire*. What the Tradeſman calls lawful Perquiſites and neceſſary Arts, the unpractiſed Philoſopher calls *Extortion* and *Lies*.—How Vocabularies differ!

SOME of our greateſt Authors have fallen into Inaccuracies of Expreſſion, that would be unpardonable in thoſe of inferior Reputation. A Neglect of the common Forms of Conſtruction, an Affectation of Singularity, or a too rapid Imagination, ſeems to me to have been the Cauſe. Yet it is ſtrange, that theſe Inaccuracies are quoted as ſhining Paſſages by Writers of no mean Abilities. I ſhall at preſent take Notice of one *quaint* Mode of Expreſſion uſed by our MILTON,—"build "the lofty Rhime." This has been quoted and quoted Thouſands of Times,

Times, yet not with a Note of Reprobation, but with Applauſe. To me it appears not only a quaint Expreſſion, but abſolutely a falſe Metaphor. To *build a lofty Rhime* I think little leſs abſurd than to ſay, to *write a high Houſe*. What led MILTON into this Error, I think, muſt have been his confounding the Word build with *conſtruct*. To conſtruct, or to form a Rhime, is good Senſe; but to build a Rhime is bad, though build and conſtruct, in ſome Senſes, are ſynonimous.

REVENGE is the moſt odious Quality a Man can poſſeſs, and ſhews that its Poſſeſſor is the Slave of Cowardice, as none but a Coward, who fears his Adverſary, would be revenged of him. How much greater is it to pardon, than

than to revenge an Injury! In that we act the Chriſtian; in this the Heathen. By taking Revenge, we ſhew ourſelves but even with our Foe; but by forgiving an Injury, we ſhew ourſelves *ſuperior*. I am greatly diſpleaſed with SHAKESPEAR for ſo ſtrongly inculcating this low, this diſgraceful Principle in one of his beſt Tragedies. He has made a Being from the inviſible Realms burſt on the affrighted HAMLET, and repeatedly urge him to "revenge "his foul and moſt unnatural Mur-"der," by committing a foul and moſt unnatural Murder on his Uncle. This wicked Counſel the young Prince determines to follow; and is ſo reſolutely bent on it, that he will not be contented to kill his Uncle's Body, but he wants alſo to kill his Soul. He ſees his Uncle in a kneeling Poſture, with his Eyes uplifted to Heaven, and with a Heart ſeemingly penitent, begging Pardon of

of the Deity for his Offence. The Prince is juſt preparing to kill him; but thinking that if he does it at that Time, his Uncle's Soul, in his own Words, "will fly "ſtraight to Heaven," he ſtops, and determines to do it at ſome Seaſon when he is in a Fit of Debauchery, that ſo he may "ſend "him quick to Hell."—How SHAKESPEAR, who, in general, is a good Moraliſt as well as a fine Poet, ſhould fall into ſo great an Error I know not; but this I am ſure of, that the Doctrine recommended by the Ghoſt is ſo abominable and infernal, that none but the Devil himſelf, or one of his Imps could, with Propriety, be ſuppoſed to be the Author of it.

"I THINK," ſays Lord CHESTERFIELD, "that notwith-
"ſtanding

" ſtanding the great Encomiums " paid them, CURTIUS, LEONI- " DAS, and others, who ſacrific- " ed their Lives for their Country, " were a Parcel of Fools and " Madmen."—Does his Lordſhip here ſpeak his real Sentiments? Or, if he does, are we therefore to conclude, that it is Madneſs and Folly to give up all private Conſiderations, even Life itſelf, for our Country's Welfare? May not his Lordſhip be miſtaken?—For my Part, in ſpight of the Hazard I run in being ranked with his Lordſhip's Fools and Madmen, I muſt own, I have ſo much the *Roman* in me, that were I aſſured the Sacrifice of my Life would be the Salvation of my Country, I would lay it down with Pleaſure, and with ADDISON'S CATO cry out,

" What Pity 'tis that one can
die but once
" To ſerve one's Country!"

MUCH

MUCH has been written, and much ſpoken, on that delicate and important Queſtion, Whether it is lawful for Subjects to reſiſt and depoſe tyrannical Princes? The Subject, I think, needleſs to *debate* on. If a Time ſhould arrive, when a Monarch betrayed thoſe Rights and Liberties he *ſwore* to protect, the Subjects would not waſte their Time in Words, but employ it in Action. Scripture, however, in many Places inculcates and *exemplifies* the Doctrine of depoſing Tyrants, and Reaſon approves it. The People are the Source of all Power, and the End of all Power is the People's Happineſs: Yet, if that End is not anſwered, but perverted, they certainly may, and ought to reſume that *delegated*

Power, and not ſuffer it to be an Engine to oppreſs them.

EXCESSIVE Drinking degrades a Man to ſomething worſe than a Brute: But of all Kinds of Drinking, that of ſwallowing ſpirituous Liquors is the worſt. As CASSIO juſtly obſerves, in the Tragedy of OTHELLO, "every inordinate Cup is unbleſſed, "and the Ingredient is the Devil." Why then will Men put an Enemy in their Heads to ſteal away their Brains?—This being a Subject of general Concern, and of great Importance, I ſhall treat it more circumſtantially than I have done any other in theſe FREE THOUGHTS: And as my Words may have a greater Effect, if placed in the Form of an Addreſs to the Perſons guilty of ſo great a Vice and Folly, I ſhall entitle them,

THE

THE

Drunkard's Looking-Glaſs.

SHEWING THE

DREADFUL EFFECTS

OF

EXCESSIVE DRINKING

OF

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS

ON THE

CHARACTERS, THE CONSTITUTIONS, THE FORTUNES, AND THE UNDERSTANDING OF THOSE ADDICTED TO THAT ABOMINABLE PRACTICE.

" Liſt, liſt, oh liſt !"

SHAKESPEAR.

THE

Drunkard's Looking-Glaſs.

YE Drunkards of all Denominations, lend me your Attention!—For a Moment ſuſpend the dear Delight of pouring down liquid Fire on your parched Entrails, and give your Thoughts to me!——Nay, ſhould your raiſed, trembling Hands hold the Glaſs, full of the fatal Moiſture, and your Mouths gape wide to receive it, before you ſuck in the delicious Poiſon, read a Sentence or two of what I have written for your Good. After that, if what I ſay ſhould appear to you ill founded, then drink and ſpare not. If I ſpeak the Words of Truth and *Soberneſs*, then daſh the poiſonous Cup away.

DRUNKENNESS is a Vice of the moſt odious Nature. It is againſt

againſt the Laws of GOD and Man. It is an Inlet to all other Crimes. But of all Kinds of Drunkenneſs, that which ariſes from drinking ſpirituous Liquors is the worſt; and the beſt Character we can give of a Drunkard is, that he is a RATIONAL BEAST.

AMONG the Lacedæmonians ——a People the greater Part of Drunkards know little about, and perhaps never heard of——it was a Cuſtom, to make their Slaves as drunk as they could, and then expoſe them to the View of their Children; that theſe latter, by ſeeing the Odiouſneſs of Intoxication, and what mad, fooliſh Things it made their Votaries commit, might guard againſt and hate it. Whether this Conduct was judicious, or ſtrictly honourable, or whether proper for our Imitation, I will not ſay: But I am ſure, nothing can excite a

greater Abhorrence againſt Drunkenneſs, than to ſee a Man or Woman ſo inebriated, as to reel along the Streets in the Face of the Sun; —— to ſtare, like ſtuck Pigs, at the hooting Boys near them;—attempt to walk to the next Brandy-Shop;——to ſtagger ——ſtop—move on;——ſhake their empty Noddles like China Mandarines;—utter half-formed Sentences;—ſwear blaſphemous Oaths;—and at length fall in the Dirt; and while groveling there, like their Brethren, the filthy Swine, call out for "*m—m—mo—* "*mo—more——L—L—Liq—* "*Liq—Liq—Liquor.*"

Is not this, ye Drunkards! a very pretty Picture? Nay, is it not a very *true* one?——I appeal to yourſelves, whether you do not often ſee in real Life what I have here painted. Human Nature muſt indeed be greatly degenerated, to ſtoop to ſo low, ſo contemptible

temptible a Practice; but the Number of ſuch degenerate People is indeed prodigious. They blacken the Way; they are offenſive to the Sight and Smell; and they move the Emotions of Contempt in ſome People, and Pity in others.

WHENCE ariſes this enormous Evil, that thus excites theſe mingled Emotions?——Why, from the curſed Brandy-Shops that ſalute our Eyes, and regale our Noſes in every Street, Lane and Alley. Theſe Places we may juſtly chriſten *Satan's Temples*. While the Temples of our MAKER are unfrequented, theſe infernal Ones are always crowded. Their Doors, like the Doors of Hell, are open Night and Day for the Reception of their Votaries; and their Prieſts and Prieſteſſes are ever ready to tempt and ſeduce the Unwary to drink of their poiſonous Potions.

SPI-

SPIRITUOUS Liquors are the great Bane of England and Ireland. They have rendered the *Land of Philoſophers* a *Land of Tipplers*, and the *Land of Saints* a *Land of Sinners*. They bring more People to untimely Deaths than Peſtilence, or the Sword: Nay, while their Votaries live, or rather while they breathe, they carry in their Foreheads the Mark DRUNKARD, written in *ſallow* and *ghaſtly* Characters, as CAIN of old carried in his Forehead the *purple* Mark MURDERER!

IT is impoſſible a Drinker of ſpirituous Liquors ſhould look like another Man. The Quantities of Combuſtibles he is perpetually ſwallowing, devour his Entrails, as Vultures devoured thoſe of PROMETHEUS; and the unhappy Wretch, during a miſerable Exiſtence, bears about him an *Ætna* or *Veſuvius*, whoſe inward Fires

Fires are burning him with a Fierceneſs that no outward Applications can poſſibly extinguiſh.

UNHAPPY indeed is the State of ſuch a Perſon! But let us briefly conſider how a Drunkard is affected, in the Purſuit of his darling Vice, in his *Character*, his *Conſtitution*, his *Fortune*, and his *Underſtanding*.

No Man can be habitually, or conſtantly drunk, without being a Burden to himſelf, and a Nuiſance to others; for the Conſequences of exceſſive Drinking muſt be ſeen and felt by all, with whom the Drunkard has any Connection: Of courſe he is ſtigmatized with opprobrious Names; charged with many and heinous Crimes; and that *Reputation*, which ought to be held dearer than Life, is forfeited, juſtly forfeited, till a Reformation may retrieve it.

HIS *Conſtitution*, in the mean Time, how ſtrong ſoever originally, repeated Intoxication will impair, and at length totally deſtroy. Every Drunkard is liable to perpetual Diſaſters. — Falls, Blows, Retchings, Colds, and a long *et cætera* of other Accidents make dreadful Havock in his emaciated Frame; rob him of his Strength and Spirits; give him a pallid, cadaverous Aſpect; and make him a very—very old, feeble, decrepid Man at *thirty* Years of Age.

HIS *Fortune* too ſuffers conſiderably. It is not indeed ſolely the Money ſpent that injures him; that is the leaſt of the Evils he meets with: He muſt alſo neglect his Buſineſs; perform it badly; diſoblige his Friends and Cuſtomers; and the Character he has acquired, of being an idle, drunken Fellow, will deter Multitudes of People from

from dealing with, or employing him; ſo that every way he muſt be a Loſer.

His *Underſtanding* too daily diminiſhes. Nothing injures the Memory, impairs the Judgment, or weakens the Imagination ſo much as habitual Drunkenneſs. This indeed is not wonderful: The Wonder would be were it otherwiſe. The Mind and Body are ſo cloſely connected, that one cannot ſuffer without the other ſuffering alſo. As the Drunkard then is ſo often deprived of his Senſes, and not only at the Time he is intoxicated, but at others, is incapable of Application and Exerciſe; how can it be expected he ſhould be ſo intelligent and clear-headed as the Man, who joins Application with Temperance, and Exerciſe with Study?

As then in the four great Points of *Reputation*, *Conſtitution*, *Fortune* and

and *Underſtanding*, a Drunkard ſuffers ſo much, is it not ſurprizing we ſhould find the Character ſo common? Beſides, if we attend to the Miſeries, the Miſhaps, and the Misfortunes a Drunkard is continually ſubject to, and which would embitter the Life of a *rational* Being; we muſt really be ſurprized and ſhocked, to find a Perſon ſo loſt to Morality and Common Senſe, as to prefer Pain to Pleaſure, Drunkenneſs to Sobriety.

COULD Drunkards but *ſee themſelves*, it is commonly ſaid, they would reform. This vulgar Saying, like many other vulgar Sayings, is founded in Error. Drunkards *may* ſee themſelves;—they may ſee themſelves in *others*; yet they are ſo wedded to their *fooliſh Wickedneſs*, that they will not forſake it: But after Sickneſſes and Retchings, their Loſs of Appetite, and Loſs of Strength, ſtaunch

ſtaunch Drunkards will return to their Liquors, as Dogs will return to their Vomit.

CONSIDER theſe Things, ye Drunkards! reflect on them, ye Drinkers of ſpirituous Liquors, and reform your Conduct ere it be too late. If theſe Lines, penned in the Sincerity of my Heart, but induce one Perſon to turn from the "Error of his Ways," I ſhall eſteem myſelf happy, and think the Time I have employed in compoſing theſe FREE THOUGHTS on *hard Drinking* not thrown away.

THE End of Time, and the Beginning of Time are Expreſſions I have frequently met with; yet I think, in the Senſe they are generally uſed, they are

improper. In Conformity, however, to a common Mode of Phraſeology, I have ventured to uſe thoſe Expreſſions in Page 17 of theſe THOUGHTS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS; but fear I have there expreſſed myſelf ſomewhat obſcurely. By the Phraſe, End of Time, I mean the Deſtruction of this nether World, and that awful Day of Judgment, when the Actions of all Men, and the Thoughts of all Hearts ſhall be revealed. By the Beginning of Time, I mean that Period when GOD from Nothing ſpake the World into Being; and in this Senſe MOSES uſes the Expreſſion in the firſt Line of the Book of Geneſis. Uſed in theſe Senſes, the Phraſes, I think, are juſtifiable; though, philoſophically ſpeaking, Time had no Beginning, nor will have an End.

I DON'T

"I DON'T get a Penny "by't," cries the Butcher, as he is ſelling his Meat, and whetting his Knife on his Steel.—True; for your Boy or your Journeyman would whet your Knife Gratis.

ATHANASIUS might be a good Phyſician for aught that I know to the contrary: But neither he, or any other Man, ſhould force me to ſwallow Pills I did not like, however artfully they might be gilded, or ſtrenuouſly recommended. For my Part, I have long been of Opinion, that there is no general Panacea that will ſuit

every *Body* and *Mind*. That Man, therefore, who ſays, "This is my "Wonder-working Pill, that will "by its magical Virtue ſave all "from Death and Damnation "that will receive it; but thoſe "who will not, *without Doubt ſhall* "*periſh everlaſtingly*;" I would conſider, not as a regular Phyſician, but an arrant Quack, whoſe Wonder-working Pill is more likely to wound and torture, than heal and comfort the Patients. Sure I am, I have known a great Number of venerable old Gentlemen, and learned, promiſing young Men, moſt cruelly *griped* and *purged* by Doctor ATHANASIUS's Wonder-working Pill. Truth, however, compels me to own that its Virulence and Malignity are of late greatly diminiſhed; and there is Reaſon to believe, that as the World advances in true Knowledge, they will entirely aboliſh ſuch a vile Piece of Quackery, as the recommending

mending a nauſeous and diſguſting, if not a poiſonous Pill, from Places of public Worſhip, to the great Terror of his Majeſty's liege Subjects.

THERE are People who will boaſt of their Vices, and glory in their Shame. The late QUIN, of Veniſon-eating Memory, was often declaring, that no Man alive could ſwill more Claret at a Sitting than he could. At length a Perſon was found to cope with him: This was General ———; whoſe Belly was at leaſt as capacious as FALSTAFF'S, and who loved Claret as well as *fat* JACK loved Sack. The General and the Comedian ſat to it; and while the Landlord poured out the Claret in a large Bowl, they emptied it by Pint Draughts.

At length the Comedian was conquered. He clipped the King's Engliſh — he ſtammered — ſtared —gaped — perſpired — fell under the Table, and ſnored. The General drank a Pint Bumper over the fallen Warrior, and exulted in his Victory. — The next Day, QUIN was attacked by Multitudes of Beaux, Macaronies and Ladies, on his Defeat; and was ſo *aſhamed*, he ſcarce knew what to ſay. At length, being rallied unmercifully by a handſome Counteſs; "Z—ds! "Madam," replied the Player, "eight Bottles of Claret in Gene- "ral ————'s Belly, is no "more than a Clyſter-Pipe in the "Poſteriors of an Elephant."

INNOCENT Diverſions are not only allowable, but neceſſary; and to enjoy the good Things that

that HEAVEN ſends us is certainly preferable to a churliſh Rejection of them. Our Saviour went frequently to Feaſts and Entertainments, and as he would have his Followers go there alſo, he gives them Inſtructions how they ſhould behave there; which, we may be aſſured he would not have done, had he looked on the attending at thoſe Places as criminal. Nay, at a Marriage Feaſt, at Cana, in Galilee, when the Wine was all exhauſted, to keep up the Mirth and good Humour we may preſume that reigned among the Gueſts, he exerted a moſt extraordinary Act of Power, in changing, not eighteen Bottles, but eighteen Firkins of Water into Wine; and theſe Firkins, we are told, "were filled to the BRIM;" which, with Submiſſion to *Water-drinking* Parſons and Poets, I think no inconſiderable Authority for the good old Practice of drinking BUMPERS. This is, I think, ſo ſtrong

ſtrong a Proof of the Lawfulneſs of innocent Mirth, over a chearful Glaſs, that I defy all the Atheiſts and Deiſts, as well as the whole Tribe of aſcetic Monks and Friars, to invalidate it.

THERE are Numbers of Paſſages in good Writers that are abſolutely inexplicable; yet it is wonderful what Pains Commentators have taken to make their Meaning appear evident. In Fact, it is impoſſible for any Author to write ever ſo myſteriouſly or obſcurely, but his Commentator will not only perceive his Intention, but prove by Mood and Figure, that he has wrote ſenſibly and clearly. There is no Combination of Words, however ridiculous, or however thrown together at Random, but may be proved, by this

this Mode of Conduct, to be replete with Wiſdom. For my Part, when I come to one of theſe *obſcurely-clear* Sentences in an ingenious Author, inſtead of puzzling myſelf to decypher the Meaning, or *explain* the *Myſtery*, I conclude that the Author had no Meaning at all, and therefore paſs on to other Subjects, where the Senſe cannot be miſtaken.

I SHALL mention one Paſſage of this Kind. SHAKESPEAR, who, though he often writes ſublimely, yet ſometimes writes obſcurely and unintelligibly, makes Prince HENRY expreſs himſelf thus:

" And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
" My Father is gone wild into his Grave;
" For in his Tomb lie my Affections;
" And with his Spirit ſadly I ſurvive,
" To mock the Expectations of the World."

The

The ſecond Line of this Citation,

"My Father is gone *wild* into his Grave,"

has been thought unintelligible by ſome Commentators, and quite clear to others: Yet thoſe that think the Paſſage clear, differ widely in their Opinion of the Meaning. Some imagine, that

"My Father is gone *wild* into his Grave,"

means that King HENRY died with a Senſe of his Son's wild Diſpoſition: Others, that he died with Grief that his Son ſhould be ſo wild. The obvious Meaning of the Words, however, is, that HENRY himſelf, the Father, is gone wild into his Grave; that is, that he died with a wild Diſpoſition. Whatever SHAKESPEAR'S Meaning might be, this is the natural Import of the Words; and a Reader is to take an Author's Meaning according to the verbal Con-

Conſtruction, not according to the Conſtruction a ſubtle Commentator may raiſe; for almoſt any Sentence may be ſo tortured and twiſted, as to be ſuſceptible of any Interpretation that Art and Caſuiſtry may put upon it; Words being like Wax, that may be moulded and worked up to any Form a lively Imagination may think proper to give them. —— I think, however, that what SHAKESPEAR meant may be paraphraſed as follows: "My Father may be ſaid to "have gone wild into his Grave, "becauſe I buried my wild Af-"fections there; and am determin-"ed, for the future to imitate his "good Conduct, and diſappoint "the Expectations of the World." I am pretty confident this was the Author's Meaning; though he has expreſſed himſelf ſo obſcurely, and uſed ſo bold a Figure of Speech, as DISCERNMENT herſelf can ſcarcely underſtand, or Criticiſm juſtify.

THE

THE Force of Cuſtom is really amazing. The moſt evident Advantages that might ariſe from any new Invention are, by the Generality of People, deſpiſed, and ſuch Invention ſtigmatized with the Name of Innovation. Our Farmers, in particular, carry this Way of Thinking to ſuch a Height, that they ſeem to prefer the ſmalleſt Advantages ariſing from their old Modes of Practice, to the greateſt that may reſult from any uſeful new Invention. This obſtinate and inveterate Prejudice is a great Obſtacle to Improvement.—The following true Anecdote, I have ſomewhere met with, ſhews the Prevalence of Cuſtom in a ſtrong Point of View.

THE

THE Butchers in Ruſſia carry their Meat to People's Houſes in Panniers on each Side their Horſe. One of theſe, who had ſold a Joint at a Houſe, flung a Parcel of Stones out of the oppoſite Pannier. A Gentleman obſerving this Tranſaction, aſked the Butcher why he did ſo? The Fellow, with a Sort of Triumph over his Ignorance, told him, that if he did not lighten that Side, it would pull over the other where the Meat was; for that they filled one Pannier with Meat, and the other with Stones, to poiſe them. "Why," ſaid the Gentleman, "had you not better "put half the Meat on one Side, "and half on the other; and then "the Horſe will carry double the "Quantity?" "Ay, Sir," replied the Fellow, "that is true, I never "thought of it: But my Father "and Grand-Father did ſo be-"fore, and every Body elſe does

" as I do; ſo I won't change the
" GOOD OLD CUSTOM."

DRYDEN, whom CHURCHILL calls the great High-Prieſt of all the Nine, has been deſervedly admired for his excellent Epigram on MILTON: Yet that he borrowed the Thought and Sentiments from a Latin Epigram on GARNIER, the French tragic Poet, is evident to all that have compared them together. As this latter Compoſition is in few Hands, I ſhall here inſert it, together with DRYDEN'S, that the Obſervation I have made may appear to be founded on Truth.

In ROBERTI GARNERI, *opuſcula Tragedica.*

Tres tragicos habuiſſe vetus ſe Græcia jactat;
Unum pro tribus his Gallia nuper habet.

Æſchylon,

Æſchylon, antiquâ qui majeſtate ſuperbus
Grande cothurnato carmen ab ore ſonat.
Quem Sophocles ſequitur perfectior arte priorem,
Nec nimis antiquus, nec nimis ille novus.
Tertius, Euripides, Actæ, fama theatri,
In cujus labris Attica ſedit apis.
At nunc vincit eos, qui tres Garnerius unus,
Terna fere tragicis præmia digna tribus.

JOH. AURATUS.

Three Poets in three diſtant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The firſt in Loftineſs of Thought ſurpaſt;
The next in Majeſty, in both the laſt:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a Third, ſhe join'd the former Two.

DRYDEN.

THE famous Boaſt of ARCHIMEDES, (called by ſome People ARCHY MEADOWS) that he

could move the Earth from its Orbit, had he but a *proper* Place to fix his Machines on, I looked on, in my juvenile Days, as the Sophiſm of a vain-glorious Deceiver, or the Rant of a mere Madman. ARCHIMEDES muſt have been well convinced, that no *proper* Place could be found to fix Machines to move the Earth from its Orbit; that no Machines capable of ſuch a mighty Work could be formed by a Mortal; and that it would *not* be *proper* to do any ſuch Thing, were it practicable. For theſe Reaſons ARCHIMEDES muſt either have been a vain-glorious Sophiſt, who wanted to build a Reputation on his Caſtles and Machines in the Air: Or if this is not allowed me, and it is inſiſted that the Sophiſt ſpoke ſeriouſly; then I am ſtill of Opinion, as I formerly was, that the mighty Boaſt was a Fool's Bolt, or a Madman's Rant.

THERE

THERE is one Argument in Favour of Frugality, that weighs greatly with me. It is this. By not indulging my Wants, or gratifying my Paſſions the preſent Hour, I enable myſelf to purchaſe much greater Pleaſures in future. Beſides; one Inſtance of Self-Denial will make other Inſtances more eaſy; thoſe will make others ſtill more ſo; till, at length, we may come to look with Indifference on thoſe Things, which but a little before we moſt paſſionately longed for. Add to all this, that the conſtant Reflection on our Fortitude in reſiſting the Calls of Paſſion, and the Solicitations of Deſire, with the Knowledge of our being thereby enabled to gratify all our reaſonable Wants and Wiſhes, muſt adminiſter

niſter a laſting Fund of Self-Satisfaction, and give us a thouſand Times more real Joy than all the Pleaſures we had ſo manfully reſiſted.

IF the idle, or unneceſſary Expences the Generality of Men are guilty of, were ſuffered to accumulate but for a very few Years, in the Beginning of their Lives, and laid out to Advantage, they would find, that, for the moſt Part, they would be found ſufficient to put them in ſuch a Situation, as would enable them to live at their Eaſe for the Remainder. It may alſo be obſerved, that

A STATE of Dependance, to a generous Mind, is a State of Miſery. Who can be more dependant than a Debtor? He is in his

his Creditor's Power, who watches him with the Eyes of a Hawk, and as his Inclination or Caprice may lead him, fixes his Talons on him, and cruſhes him to Atoms.

VIRTUE does not conſiſt in extirpating, but in regulating the Paſſions. As theſe are modulated, and employed in good or bad Actions, they are the Cauſe of Good or Evil. It ſhould be the Buſineſs of every Man, therefore, to employ them on the Side of Virtue, and to govern *them*, inſtead of letting them govern *him*. —The Elements of Nature, which NATURE'S GOD beſtowed as Bleſſings to Mankind, rightly employed, are ſubſervient to their Happineſs; but abuſed, become Inſtruments of their Miſery.

WE have a new Sect of Philoſophers, that have ſtarted up of late, and who emit their Coruſcations, like Vapours in a foggy Night. Theſe are *Chriſtian Atheiſts*, who vindicate the Goſpel Diſpenſation, deny Free-Will, and inſiſt on the Materiality of the Soul. That Man is a Machine, and acts by Neceſſity, they think apparent; and that the Soul of Man is a bodily, or earthly Subſtance, and therefore muſt mingle and periſh with the Earth, they think equally evident. The Doctrine of a future Retribution muſt be Nonſenſe in their Eyes; for if Man is not a free Agent, but acts as he is impelled by a ſuperior POWER, he is neither rewardable or puniſhable; but that POWER, according to theſe Philoſophers, being the *Agent*

Agent of Man's Actions, is reſponſible for them. *To whom* they do not tell us; but I would gladly know: For

"I would fain learn of honourable Men."

AMONG the many Evidences of the Truth of Chriſtianity, none ſtrikes me with ſo irreſiſtible a Force, as the Eclipſe of the Sun for three Hours, at the Time of our Saviour's Crucifixion. This Eclipſe has been proved to be contrary to the common Courſe of Nature. By the ſettled Courſe of Things, an Eclipſe of the Sun can never continue total, above four Minutes and an half, at any Place of the Earth. As the Eclipſe, therefore, at the Crucifixion of our Saviour, continued three Hours, it was an evident Proof

Proof that all Nature ſympathized with the great Sufferer. Our Saviour was crucified on a full Moon Day; and then, the Moon being oppoſite to the Sun, could not poſſibly hide the Sun from any Part of our terreſtrial Globe. To prove this Fact, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that it was at the Time of the Paſſover; and the Paſſover was always kept at the Time of full Moon. How thoſe who deny Chriſtianity, get over this ſtrong Argument of its Truth, I know not. If they underſtand Aſtronomy, they will ſee it in its full Force; and will be convinced, that ſuppoſing the Sun is eclipſed, when the Moon is at her leaſt Diſtance from the Earth, the Diameter of the Spot on the Earth's Surface, that would be quite covered by the Moon's dark Shadow, from all Parts of which Spot, the Sun would be totally hid by the Moon, would be only about 180 Miles. But at the Death of our Saviour

Saviour the whole Earth was in Darkneſs, and continued ſo for three Hours. This is ſo ſtrong an Evidence of the Truth of Chriſtianity, that thoſe who will not allow it muſt be as weak Reaſoners as they are bad Aſtronomers.

THE firſt Couplet I ever wrote was at the Age of eleven, and on the following Occaſion. Taking up WALLER's Poems, I read theſe Lines:

" Such HELEN was; and who can blame
" the Boy,
" That in ſo *fair a Flame* conſum'd his
" Troy?"

Without regarding the unnatural Metaphor in the Second Line, I anſwered thus:

I blame

I blame him much, the Gods will blame him more,
To loſe a Kingdom for a paltry Whore.

THE greateſt Inſtance I can recollect that is recorded of conjugal Affection, is that of Queen ARTEMISIA, Wife of MAUSOLUS, King of Caria, who cauſed a magnificent Monument to be erected to his Memory in Halicarnaſſus, which was called the Mauſoleum, and for its Beauty eſteemed one of the Wonders of the World. Had ſhe ſtopped here I ſhould not have called her Wiſdom or Delicacy in Queſtion: But thinking ſhe had not done enough to teſtify her Affection for her Huſband, ſhe prepared another Tomb for him —in her own Body. Having gathered his Aſhes, and had the Bones

Bones beaten in a Mortar, ſhe mingled ſome of the Powder every Day in her Drink, till ſhe had drank it all off.—Was this a wiſe or a delicate Action? or did it prove of any Service either to her deceaſed Lord, or to herſelf? — How different was this Queen from the Epheſian Matron?

SEVERAL Perſonages, in Times of Yore, as a Teſtimonial of their Affection for their deceaſed Spouſes, reduced their Hearts to Powder, and infuſing them in Wine, drank them. Such Potions are certainly unnatural; and the Drinkers of them muſt have been miſled by a falſe Conception of Things. The Word Heart indeed is generally uſed to denote a violent Love and Affection, Courage, Virtue, Regard, &c. but then it is uſed only as a Metaphor. A wiſe Man ſays, "My Son, give me thy Heart." But certainly he did not mean,

that his Son ſhould take this figurative Expreſſion in a literal Acceptation! No; he meant that he ſhould give him his Love, and pay a proper Obedience to him. Had a lately deceaſed Wit duly conſidered this, I am apt to think, he would not have bequeathed his Heart, *literally*, to Lord DESPENSER, but have contented himſelf with giving him his Heart figuratively.

THE Doctrine of the Roman Church concerning Tutelar or Guardian Angels, is extremely old, but whether founded on Scripture or Reaſon, I leave others to determine. The moſt remarkable Inſtance we have in Hiſtory of a Dæmon or familiar Spirit, is that related of SOCRATES, who declared he had a Genius or Dæmon,

Dæmon, from the Greek Word Δαίμόνιον, that aſſiſted him with his Counſel and Protection in the greateſt Part of his Actions. This Declaration of SOCRATES, VOLTAIRE affirms to be a mere Piece of *Quackery*, in order to exalt himſelf in the Opinion of his Fellow-Citizens. VOLTAIRE cenſures ROLLIN very ſeverely, for attempting to juſtify SOCRATES in his Pretence. But that volatile Writer either has not read ROLLIN on the Subject, or does not underſtand what he ſays. ROLLIN does *not* juſtify SOCRATES in his Pretenſions to the Dæmon. So far from it, he ſhews that the Dæmon of SOCRATES was only Reaſon or Wiſdom in its moſt exalted State; and that under the myſterious Term Δαίμόνιον, was implied a Mind, which by its own Lights, and the Knowledge of Mankind, had attained a Sort of Inſight into Futurity. He alſo ſhews that a

wiſe Man, who ſees an Affair ill concerted, and conducted with Paſſion, may eaſily propheſy upon the Event of it, without the Aid of a Dæmon's Inſpiration. And ſays, that it may be believed with Probability enough, that the Dæmon of SOCRATES, which has been ſo differently ſpoken of, and thereby made it a Queſtion, whether it was a good or bad Angel, was no more than the Force and Rectitude of his Judgment, which acting according to the Rules of Prudence, and with the Aid of a long Experience, ſupported by wiſe Reflections, made him foreſee the Events of thoſe Things upon which he was either conſulted, or deliberated himſelf. Theſe Reflections are certainly very juſt, and do Honour to the Hiſtorian, while they plainly refute the unjuſt Cenſure and groundleſs Charge of the Poet.

BUT SOCRATES was not the only Perſonage of Antiquity that pretended to a Communication with ſuperior Beings. Many of the moſt celebrated Legiſlators made the ſame Pretenſions. MINOS, to give his Laws a proper Weight with the People, aſcribed to them a divine Sanction, and pretended to receive from JUPITER, Inſtructions how to model his Government. ZALEUCUS pretended, that his Laws had been dictated to him by MINERVA: NUMA POMPILIUS boaſted his Conferences with the Goddeſs EGERIA: LYCURGUS and SOLON had Recourſe to the Authority of Oracles to advance their Credit: And the firſt SCIPIO AFRICANUS made the People believe that the Gods gave him ſecret Counſels. The famous Poet MENANDER expreſly ſays, that every Man at his Birth has a good Genius given him, which attends

him during the whole Courſe of his Life as a Guide and Director.

Ἅπαντι δαίμων ἀνδρὶ συμπαραστάτης
Εὐθὺς γενομένῳ, μυσταγωγὸς τοῦ βίου
Ἀγαθός.

It is from the Heathens, we apprehend, that the Roman Catholics deduce their Doctrine of tutelar Angels; for neither Scripture or Reaſon, we imagine by any Means warrant it.

SOME Authors, of no little Eminence, have poſitively affirmed, it is impoſſible for any Man not to have Enemies.

"Be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as
"Snow,
"Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape Calumny,"

ſays SHAKESPEAR. I muſt, however,

ever, diſſent in Opinion from theſe great Authors, and I ſpeak from Experience. I have not an Enemy in the World.

A PEDAGOGUE is generally the ſame Tyrant in and out of his School. Accuſtomed to tyranniſe over Boys in his ſmall Circle, he would do the ſame over Men on the great Stage of the World. When a Book-full Blockhead of this Stamp pretends to ſpeak of Men and Things, he talks like a Parrot, merely by Rote; and no more underſtands human Life and Manners, than an illiterate Compoſitor, who arranges Greek or Latin Types, agreeable to the Copy before him, underſtands the Meaning of what he is ſetting.

A L-

ALCIBIADES, who poſſeſſed the moſt verſatile, PROTEUS-like Diſpoſition of any one we read of, ſhewed in his juvenile Days good Senſe and great Courage. Being a mere Boy, and viſiting a School, in which he could not find a HOMER, he gave the Tyrant of it ſuch a ſound Box on the Ear, as laid him ſprawling on the Ground.——I greatly honour him for this Action.

On MILTON's Paradiſe Loſt and Regained.

MILTON to Fame had ſoar'd, but Fate ſo croſt it,
By LOST he gain'd, and by REGAIN'D he loſt it.

IT

IT is for Want of attending to the Difference between a literal and metaphorical Manner of writing, that important Miſtakes have been made in Men's Acceptation of the ſacred Scriptures. Our Saviour ſpoke greatly in the figurative Style. His Parables, and Allegories, which are a continued Chain of Metaphors, are remarkable Inſtances of this Kind. Indeed, were a Reader to take metaphorical Expreſſions in a literal Senſe, what Nonſenſe and Abſurdity would the fineſt Paſſages of Scripture appear! CHRIST in the Scripture is called a *Rock*, a *Door*, a *Vine*, *Bread*, a *Shepherd*, the *Reſurrection*, the *Life*, a *Light*, the *Way*, the *Truth*, &c. All theſe Figures or Types are applicable to our Saviour's Character; yet

yet I never heard of any Perſon who was ſo weak as to take them in the literal Senſe: And why any Perſons ſhould imagine that when our Saviour gave Bread and Wine to his Apoſtles, calling the one figuratively his Body, and the other his Blood, that he really and literally gave them his Fleſh to eat, and his Blood to drink, which their Senſes plainly declared they were not, but purely Bread and Wine, ſuch as they had eat and drank of all their Lives, is really to me amazing. But I enter not into Controverſy; nor is there Occaſion for it. It were a vain and idle Thing to attempt to prove by Reaſon, what People inſiſt on is not an Object of Reaſon; that is, in other Words, they allow their Doctrine to be irrational.

THE Character that the Abbé REYNELL gives of the Chineſe is extremely amiable; but I apprehend it is more flattering than juſt. On this Subject he writes, what the Italians call *con Amore*. However, I ſhall give ſome ſelect and detached Paſſages, which may ſerve to convey an Idea of the ingenious Abbé's Sentiments and Manner of Writing, and leave the Reader to judge for himſelf.

" TOUT Engrais eſt conſervé,
" tout Engrais eſt mis à Profit
" avec la Vigilance la plus eclai-
" rée; et ce qui ſort de la Terre
" feconde, y rentre pour la fe-
" conder encore. Ce grand Syſ-
" tême, qui ſe reproduit de ſes
" Debris, eſt mieux entendu,
" mieux

" mieux ſuivi à la Chine que dans
" tous les autres Pays du Monde."

On this Paſſage I beg Leave to remark, the Abbé is intirely miſtaken. What he calls *Engrais*, but which ſhould rather be *Fumier*, *i. e.* Dung or Compoſt, and which he ſays is made better Uſe of in China than in any other Country. is equally well, if not better, employed in England. Had the Abbé ſeen with what Care the Farmers, particularly in the Weſt of England, collect all Kinds of Compoſt, and adapt each to the particular Soil it ſuits, he would not have aſſerted in ſuch poſitive Terms the Superiority of the Chineſe in this uſeful Knowledge.— But to proceed with his Remarks.

" Un Philoſophe ſenſible, et
" que l'Eſprit d'Obſervation a con-
" duit dans cet Empire, a connu
" et developpé les Sources de
" l'Economie rurale des Chinois.
" —Chez

" —Chez ce Peuple de Sages,
" tout ce qui lie et civiliſe les
" Hommes eſt Religion, et la Reli-
" gion elle même n' eſt que la Pra-
" tique des Vertus ſociales."

THIS laſt Obſervation is extremely juſt, and breathes a Spirit of Generoſity, diametrically oppoſite to thoſe furious Bigots, who place the Eſſence of Religion, not in the Practice of the ſocial Virtues, as the Abbé moſt juſtly does, but in the Obſervance of Forms and Ceremonies, which are no more eſſential to the Spirit of Religion, than the Cloaths of a Man are to the Being of a Man.

" LE Culte interieur eſt l'Amour
" de ſes Pères, vivans ou morts;
" le Culte public eſt l' Amour du
" Travail; et le Travail le plus
" honoré, c' eſt Agriculture.

" A l'Exemple de ces Rois agri-
" coles, tous les Empereurs de la

" Chine le ſont devenus par Etat.
" Une de leurs Fonctions publi-
" ques, eſt d'ouvrir la Terre au
" Printems, avec un Appareil de
" Fête & de Magnificence qui at-
" tire, des Environs de la Capita-
" le, tous les Cultivateurs—Ce
" n'eſt plus, comme dans les Fa-
" bles de la Grèce, un Dieu qui
" garde les Troupeaux d'un Roi :
" c'eſt le Père des Peuples, qui,
" la Main appéſantie ſur le Soc,
" montre à ſes Enfans les véritables Tréſors de l'Etat.—L'Exemple du Prince eſt ſuivi dans
" toutes les Provinces ; & dans la
" même Saiſon, les Vicerois y ré-
" pétent les mêmes Cérémonies en
" Preſence d'une Multitude de La-
" boureurs. Les Européens qui
" ont été Témoins de ces Solem-
" nités à Canton, ne peuvent en
" parler ſans Attendriſſement. Ils
" nous font regretter que cette
" Fête politique, dont le But eſt
" d'encourager au Travail, ne ſoit
" pas ſubſtituée dans nos Climats

" à tant

" à tant de Fêtes réligeuſes, qui " ſemblent inventées par la Faine- " antiſe pour la Stérilité des Cam- " pagnes."

THIS Remark of the Author, is very juſt, and his Wiſh very patriotic; but, ſorry am I to ſay it, Agriculture, like Letters, flouriſhes more from the intereſted Care of the Huſbandman, than generous Encouragement from the Throne.

" DES Peuples qui jouiſſoient " de tant d'Avantages, devoient ſe " multiplier prodigieuſement dans " une Région où les Femmes, " qu'elle qu'en ſoit la Raiſon, " ſont extrêmement fécondes, & " où les Hommes n'altérent ja- " mais un Tempéramment natu- " rellement robuſte, par l'uſage " des Liqueurs fortes;" [This is well obſerved, and agreeable to my own Sentiments expreſſed in Page 70] " ſous un Ciel ſain " & tempéré, où il naît beaucoup

 " d'Enfans,

" d'Enfans, où il en meurt fort
" peu, ſur une Terre qui donne
" plus de Subſiſtances, qu'elle
" n'exige de Travail ; avec un
" Genre de Vie ſimple, peu diſ-
" pendieux, & qui tend toujours
" à la plus auſtère E'conomie.

" CETTE Néceſſité où eſt le
" Prince d'être juſte, doit le ren-
" dre plus ſage & plus éclairé. Il
" eſt à la Chine, ce qu'on veut
" faire croire aux autres Princes
" qu'ils ſont par-tout, l'Idole de la
" Nation. Il ſemble que les
" Mœurs & les Loix y tendent
" de Concert, à établir cette Opi-
" nion fondamentale, que la Chi-
" ne eſt une Famille dont l'Em-
" pereur eſt le Patriarche. Ce
" n'eſt pas comme Conquérant,
" ce n'eſt pas comme Légiſlateur,
" qu'il a de l'Autorité ; c'eſt com-
" me Père : Ceſt en Père qu'il
" eſt cenſé gouverner, récompen-
" ſer & punir. Ce Sentiment
" délicieux lui donne plus de
" Pouvoir

" Pouvoir que tous les Soldats du
" Monde & les Artifices des Mi-
" niſtres n'en peuvent donner aux
" Deſpotes des autres Nations."

THIS laſt Remark is worthy the Character of this excellent Writer. The Love of a People is a firmer Bulwark to a Throne than all the mercenary Hirelings in all the World, whether Miniſters or Soldiers.

IT is no uncommon Thing for People of little Minds to ſet a high Value on the moſt trivial Pieces of Knowledge. One Man knows how to make Punch properly: This is an Artiſt of high Renown!—Another knows how to carve a Fowl ſkilfully: This is a moſt excellent Workman!—Another knows the Art of dreſſing

a Beef-Steak in Perfection: This is a Genius of the firſt Magnitude! —Another, a wiſer Booby than his Neighbours, knows how to read a Printer's Proof-Sheet; to find out battered Letters; to diſtinguiſh an *ſb* from an *ſk*, an *ſi* from an *fi*, or, what he conſiders as the greateſt Effort of human Genius, to point out a *b* from an *h*, or a *!* from an *l*:—This is a moſt ingenious Blockhead! a ſkilful Corrector of Commas! an Architect of a Title-Page, but a Stranger to the Spirit of the plaineſt Author; whoſe Blunders he moſt religiouſly adheres to, through ſucceſſive Impreſſions, and adds Hundreds of his own to the mighty Heap!—But of all theſe eminent Genii, who ſhine, like Stars from no borrowed Light, and like a Conſtellation brighten our dark Hemiſphere, commend me to the Man who can walk full ſix Miles in an Hour, ride his own Mare one hundred Miles in a Day, and

and drink "Potations Pottle-"deep," without being in the leaſt diſordered!—What Accompliſhments are all theſe for a Man to value himſelf upon! Can we be ſurprized that we ſo often meet with ſuch Perſons as I have here deſcribed, priding themſelves on their vaſt Acquiſitions, and their rare Faculties!—Cardinal RICHELIEU, who poſſeſſed Talents for Legiſlation ſuperior to any Man in France, would fain paſs for a Wit; Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, who whatever his Heart might be, had certainly a good Head, affected the Character of a Man of Gallantry; and—the Third, whoſe Talents are ſomewhat problematical, prides himſelf for his Knowledge in the Art of *Turning*.

THE Term *religious Perſecution* I have often met with; but,

but, as *ancient* PISTOL ſays, it is a vile Phraſe. Perſecution cannot be religious, but the contrary. To perſecute any Man, or Body of Men, on Account of their Mode of Religion, if the Principles of that Religion do not injure the State, is extremely criminal. This, I think, I have ſomewhere obſerved before. Of every Nation that I have read of, that of Spain has exerted itſelf moſt remarkably in perſecuting thoſe they Term Heretics. If the Eyes in Mens Faces vary; is it a Wonder the Eyes of Men's Minds ſhould vary alſo! No, ſurely. The Wonder would be were they all to reſemble each other. Theſe Reflections I make to introduce the following Account of a late Author, who has related very minutely the Defeat of that prodigious Fleet of Veſſels ſent by Spain againſt England in the Reign of our glorious Elizabeth, and which the Spaniſh Nation arrogantly

gantly ſtyled the *Invincible Armada*.

"EXCLUSIVE of the Ordnance
" belonging to each particular
" Ship, the *Armada* was laden with
" a large Quantity of military
" Stores, conſiſting of Cannons,
" Double Cannons, Culverins,
" and Field-Pieces; together with
" ſeven thouſand Muſkets, and
" Calivers, ten thouſand Halberts,
" and Partizans, Fifty-ſix thou-
" ſand Quintals of Gunpowder,
" and twelve thouſand Quintals
" of Match. Confident of Suc-
" ceſs, the Spaniards had pro-
" vided, and put on Board
" their Ships, Horſes, Mules,
" Carts, Wheels, Waggons,
" and whatſoever was judg-
" ed neceſſary for the Land-Ser-
" vice: Neither were thoſe In-
" ſtruments omitted, which were
" calculated for the ſanguinary
" Purpoſes of a *religious Perſecution*.
" Chains, Whips, butchering
" Knives, and Machines of Tor-
" ture

" ture compoſed a Part of the " Lading in every Ship. As the " fit Superintendants either of the " Converſion, or Extirpation of the " Heretics, Cardinal ALLEN, a Na- " tive of England embarked in " the *Armada*, with an hundred, " and eighty Monks and Jeſuits." —Hiſtory does not furniſh a greater Inſtance of blaſted Ambition and diſappointed Malice than in the Deſtruction of this proud *Armada*. The putting on Board " Chains, Whips, butchering " Knives, and Machines of Tor- " ture" to be uſed on the Proteſtants, becauſe they did not worſhip GOD in the very ſame Manner as the Roman Catholics worſhipped Him, is an evident Proof that the Spaniards were certain of the Succeſs of their Enterpriſe. Beſides to render it more infallible, the *infallible Pope* bleſſed it, and ſent with it a conſecrated Banner. His HOLINESS alſo excommunicated ELIZABETH, and

and declared it would be a highly meritorious Action, if any of her own Subjects, or the Subjects of any other Power, would *murder* her. At the ſame Time the SACRED PONTIFF iſſued a Bull, which pretended to abſolve her Subjects from their Allegiance; and a hot-headed Papiſt had the Audacity to fix it upon the Door of a Church. I ſhall make no farther Remark on theſe Proceedings, than to obſerve, in Juſtice to the Roman Catholics of the preſent Age, that they utterly abhor ſuch vile Actions, and ſuch wicked Doctrines. They poſſeſs a Liberality of Sentiment as do them Honour; and their peaceable and loyal Demeanour, (I ſpeak particularly of the Roman Catholics of Ireland) has evidently ſhewn, that their Doctrines, however miſrepreſented by inflammatory or ignorant Writers, are not of ſuch a Tendency as to make them bad Subjects, or bad Citizens.

OF

OF all the ridiculous Things in the World, none appears more ridiculous to me, than the Practice of Perſons making Vows when in Diſtreſs, to the ALMIGHTY, to the Virgin MARY, or to ſome Saint, to perform ſome very inſignificant or fooliſh Action, in Caſe the DEITY, the Virgin, or the Saint will extricate ſuch Perſon from his Diſtreſs. Now it is generally cuſtomary in *Bargains*, for all the Parties concerned to agree to the Articles, otherwiſe the Bargain is to be void. But who will undertake to ſay, that in the Caſe of making the Vows I have alluded to, all the Parties agree to fulfil the Contract? The DEITY, the Virgin or Saint, do not promiſe on their Part at all: Nor, for aught I know, is the Saint

Saint or the Virgin *preſent* at the making the Vow. In Law I well know the Parties muſt be all preſent, in Perſon or by Proxy, when a Bargain is ſtruck, and a Contract executed; and why it ſhould not be ſo too in Religion, I am quite ignorant. Indeed, it may be ſaid, the DEITY, the Virgin and Saint are not Parties to the Vow, nor is this ſaid Vow a Bargain or Contract: It is merely a conditional Obligation, "that if the DEITY, the "Saint, or the Virgin will be gra-"ciouſly pleaſed to ſave the *Vow-*"*er* from Shipwreck, or whatever "Danger he is in, and bring him "ſafe to Land, that then the ſaid "*Vower* doth, for himſelf alone, "and not for his Executors, Ad-"miniſtrators or Aſſigns, cove-"nant, promiſe and agree to and "with the ſaid DEITY, Saint, or "Virgin, that he the ſaid *Vower* "will, as ſoon after as he is "brought to Land, by the Aid, "Aſſiſtance or Help of ſaid DEI-

" TY, Saint or Virgin, as to him
" the ſaid *Vower* is convenient, or
" he ſhall be enabled to do, pro-
" ceed, walk, or travel bare-footed
" and bare-headed, to the Church
" of our LADY OF LORET-
" TO; and as ſoon as he ar-
" rives there, he will creep on
" his Hands and Knees in the
" moſt abject and lowly Poſture
" round the Church three ſeveral
" Times; and at the Ending there-
" of he will go to the Image of
" OUR LADY, and will ſmite his
" Forehead on the Ground ſo vi-
" olently, that the Blood ſhall
" guſh from his Mouth and Noſe,
" until he ſhall be even ready to
" faint with Pain and Weakneſs;
" after which he will procure, or
" cauſe to be procured, for him
" the ſaid *Vower*, a certain Inſtru-
" ment of Chaſtiſement, com-
" monly called *Nerf de Bœuf*,
" otherwiſe a Bull's P * * * le, and
" with the ſame he will cut and
" laſh himſelf on the Body, ſo that
" he

"he will draw Blood at every "Stroke, and raiſe ſuch great "Wheals on his Body as muſt be "highly *acceptable* to the DEITY, "the Saint or Virgin to behold," &c. &c. Now, I would aſk, what ſignifies all this Mummery and Nonſenſe? How can People imagine the DEITY, or, if they will have it ſo, the Virgin, or any of the Saints, can be pleaſed with any ſuch Things as I have mentioned, or any other Thing equally trifling and abſurd? If a Perſon, who expects every Moment to be ſhipwrecked ſhould make ten thouſand ridiculous Vows, of doing particular Things, in Caſe he is ſaved, does he think his Prayers are the more likely to be heard on that Account? What! does the Scoundrel attempt to *bribe* HEAVEN? Does the Villain ſeek to *corrupt the* VIRGIN? Does the Monſter want to *ſeduce the* SAINT? —But how comes it, that People imagine the Virgin, who never

was at Sea in her Life-Time, can ſave them from Shipwreck after her Death? And how comes it that they offer up their Prayers, Petitions and Vows to thoſe who were Men like themſelves, and poſſibly not ſo good? What Reaſon have they to think that thoſe who once were Men, and now are ſtyled Saints, poſſeſs that great Attribute of the DIVINITY, *Ubiquity*, or *Omnipreſence?* Theſe Queſtions I aſk ſeriouſly, for I would fain be inſtructed in Things I am ignorant of.

IN treating of this Subject, I ought not to paſs over the NAUFRAGIUM of the excellent ERASMUS. His Sentiments correſpond exactly with mine. This great Man, who, POPE ſays, was neither a Papiſt or Proteſtant,

("Papiſt nor Proteſtant, but both between,
"Like good ERASMUS, in an honeſt Mean,")

ridicules,

ridicules, in the keeneſt Manner, the Abſurdities practiſed by Perſons in Danger of Shipwreck, and the egregious Folly of calling on Saints and Angels to help them. Like the honeſt Soldier, who ſaid, when he had a Favour to ſolicit, he diſdained applying to Subalterns, but repaired to the ſuperior Officer; ERASMUS recommends an Application to the DEITY in Times of Peril.—I ſhall give a few Extracts from this admirable Colloquy, notwithſtanding it is in every School-boy's Hand; as it may teach Youth to reflect and reaſon on what they read.

ADOLPHUS.

IBI vidiſſes miſeram Rerum Faciem: Nautæ canentes, *Salve Regina*, implorabant Matrem Virginem, appellantes eam *Stellam Maris*, *Reginam Cæli*, *Dominam Mundi*, *Portum Salutis*, aliiſque multis Titulis illi blandientes, quos nuſquam illi tribuunt ſacræ Literæ.—

This is a moſt ſarcaſtical Reflection on thoſe People who beſtow on the Virgin MARY Titles and Appellations, which are no where to be met with in Holy Writ.

ANTONIUS.

QUID illi cum Mari, quæ nunquam, opinor, navigavit?

ADOLPHUS.

OLIM VENUS agebat Curam Nautarum, quia nata credebatur ex Mari: ea quoniam deſiit curare, ſuffecta eſt huic Matri non Virgini Virgo Mater.

ANTONIUS.

LUDIS.

ADOLPHUS.

NONNULLI procumbentes in Tabulas, adorabant Mare, quicquid erat Olei effundentes in Undas, non aliter illi blandientes quám ſolemus irato Principi.

ANTONIUS.

QUID aiebant?

ADOL-

ADOLPHUS.

O CLEMENTISSIMUM Mare, O generoſiſſimum Mare, O ditiſſimum Mare, O formoſiſſimum Mare; miteſce, ſerva. Hujuſmodi multa occinebant ſurdo Mari.

ANTONIUS.

RIDICULA Superſtitio! Quid alii?

ADOLPHUS.

QUIDAM nihil aliud quàm vomebant; plerique Vota nuncupabant. Aderat Anglus quidam, qui promittebat Montes aureos Virgini Walſinghamicæ, ſi vivus attigiſſet Terram. Alii multa promittebant Ligno Crucis, quod eſſet in tali Loco; alii rurſum quod eſſet in tali Loco. Idem factum eſt de MARIA Virgine, quæ regnat in multis Locis; & putant Votum irritum, niſi Locum exprimas.

ANTONIUS.

RIDICULUM! quaſi Divi non habitent in Cœlis.

ADOL-

ADOLPHUS.

ERANT qui ſe promitterent fore Carthuſianos. Erat unus qui polliceretur ſe aditurum Divum JACOBUM, qui habitat Compoſtellæ, nudis Pedibus & Capite, Corpore tantum Loricâ ferreâ tecto, ad hæc Cibo emendicato.

ANTONIUS.

NEMO meminit CHRISTOPHORI?

ADOLPHUS.

UNUM audivi non ſine Riſu, qui clarâ Voce, nè non exaudiretur, polliceretur Chriſtophoro, qui eſt Lutetiæ in ſummo Templo, Mons veriùs quàm Statua, Cereum tantum, quantus eſſet ipſe. Hæc cum vociferans, quantum poterat, identidem inculcaret; qui forte proximus aſſiſtebat illi notus, Cubito tetigit eum, ac ſubmonuit: *Vide quid pollicearis; etiamſi Rerum omnium tuarum Auctionem facias, non fueris ſolvendo*

ſolvendo ſatis. Tum ille Voce jam preſſiore, nè videlicet exaudiret CHRISTOPHORUS: *Tace*, inquit, *Fatue; an credis me ex Animi Sententia loqui? Si ſemel contigero Terram, non daturus ſum illi Candelam ſebaceam.*

I SHALL tranſlate this laſt Paſſage, as the Humour of it is ſo exquiſite.

I HEARD one Perſon, who loudly promiſed to dedicate to St. CHRISTOPHER, if he would ſave him from the Peril he was in, a waxen Candle as large as the Statue of the Saint himſelf, in the Cathedral at Paris. While he was bawling out, one who ſtood near him trod on his Toe, and ſaid; "Take Care what you promiſe; "for I am apprehenſive, if an "Auction was made of all you "are worth in the World, you "would ſcarce be able to purchaſe "ſuch a large Candle." To this the

the Man replied in a low Voice, leſt St. CHRISTOPHER ſhould hear him; "Hold your Tongue, "you Fool! Do you think I ſpeak "ſeriouſly? If I once touch the "firm Land, I'll not give the "Saint ſo much as a ſmall Tal-"low Candle."

I NEVER heard or read of a ſingle Argument, deſerving the Name, to ſhew the Lawfulneſs of Slavery, or the Practice of trading in human Creatures. The mere Difference of Colour between a Negro, an African, and European, proves nothing: And a Book I look on with no little Reverence tells me, that "EVE was the Mother of all liv-"ing;" and that "GOD hath "made of one Blood all Nations "of

" of Men for to dwell on all the " Face of the Earth." ARISTOTLE indeed affirms, De Republ. lib. 1. cap. 5. 6. " That Men of " little Genius, and great bodily " Strength, are *by Nature* deſtined to ſerve, and thoſe of better " Capacity to command; that " the Natives of Greece, and of " ſome other Countries, being ſuperior in Genius, have a *natural* " *Right* to Empire; and that the " *Reſt of Mankind*, being naturally " ſtupid, are deſtined to Labour " and Slavery." How weak and unjuſt is this Manner of Reaſoning! Suppoſing the Greeks excelled the Reſt of Mankind in intellectual Accompliſhments, and that their Power were equal to their Wiſdom; is that any Reaſon they ſhould make Slaves of them? Mr. HUME argues in the ſame fallacious and illiberal Manner, in regard to the Superiority of white Men over black. " I am apt to " ſuſpect," ſays he, in his Eſſay on

on National Characters, "the Ne-
"groes, and in general all the *other*
"Species of Men (for there are
"four or five different Kinds) to
"be *naturally* inferior to the
"Whites. There never was a
"civilized Nation of any other
"Complexion than white, nor
"even any Individual, eminent
"either in Action or Speculati-
"on: No ingenious Manufac-
"tures among them, no Arts, no
"Sciences. There are Negro-
"Slaves diſperſed all over Europe,
"of which none ever diſcovered
"any Symptoms of Ingenuity."
Here are almoſt as many Untruths as Words. The Negroes and all other Species of Men, as he terms them, are *not* naturally inferior to the Whites, for Scripture aſſerts, and Reaſon confirms the Aſſertion, that all Men are by Nature equal. In the ſecond Place, there have been civilized Nations of People of other Complexions than white: Witneſs the great Empires of Mexico,

Mexico, Peru, &c. Thirdly, Ingenious Manufactures, together with uſeful Arts, have greatly flouriſhed, and now flouriſh among the Africans and Americans. Fourthly, The Negro-Slaves diſperſed over Europe have diſcovered excellent Capacities for Mechanics, Muſic, and Works of Ingenuity of all Kinds. Thus we ſee what fallacious Arguments and Falſehoods the Advocates for Slavery make Uſe of. It is greatly to be regretted, that ſo inhuman a Trade as that I am now ſpeaking againſt, ſhould be countenanced and carried on by a Nation animated with ſo zealous a Love of Freedom as the Engliſh confeſſedly are; and that thoſe who have ſo frequently and generouſly ſhed their Blood in the Defence and Preſervation of their own Liberties, ſhould yet be ſuch Strangers to the Dictates of Religion and Humanity, as to infringe the Liberties of others, and drive that moſt inhu-

man of all Trades, the buying and ſelling of their Fellow-Creatures.

SUCH is the Folly of Men, that they often wiſh for Things deſtructive of true Happineſs: Nay, not content with bare Wiſhing, they addreſs themſelves to the Author of all Good, and fervently pray for what, if obtained, would prove to them the worſt of Evils. The Heathens were much wiſer in this Reſpect, than many Chriſtians. "The Gods," ſays PLUTARCH, "are wiſe; and "it depends upon them, either to "grant what we aſk, or to give "us the directly Reverſe of it." Ἐπὶ θεοῖς ἐστὶν, οἶμαι, ὥσε μὴ διδόναι ἅτ' ἄν τις εὐχόμενος τυγχάνῃ, μὴ τἀναντία τουτων. PLUT. in ALCIB. 2. p. 148. This is a very juſt Reflection. The Blindneſs of Men is ſuch, that HEAVEN, in

in Pity, denies the Granting of their Prayers. I am much pleaſed with the following Prayer, cited by PLUTARCH, of ſome anonymous Poet, who though a Pagan, cannot, I think, be ſurpaſſed by any Chriſtian. "Great GOD! "give us, we beſeech thee, thoſe "good Things of which we ſtand "in Need, whether we crave "them or not; and remove from "us all thoſe which may be hurt-"ful to us, though we implore "them of thee." Here we ſee that a Heathen was not above addreſſing himſelf to the DIVINITY in Prayer; but our modern Deiſts inſiſt on it, that Prayers are uſeleſs; ſince whatever is fit and proper to be done, the DEITY, they ſay, will do; and what is not fit to be done, no Prayers can prevail on him to perform.

I HAVE ſomewhere read of a Gentleman, who being Abroad (I think it was in India,) and con-

verſing with one of the Toogees, or Anchorets there, entreated him, that in his Prayers he would petition for an Increaſe to his Happineſs: To which the Anchoret, with great good Humour and good-Senſe, replied, "I hardly "know what to aſk for you. I "have ſeen you often, and you "always appeared to me to enjoy "perfect Health. You ride in "your Chaiſe at your Eaſe; and "are often accompanied by a very "pretty Lady. You are very "well clothed, and you are fat; "ſo that you ſeem to be in Poſſeſ- "ſion of every Thing that can be "neceſſary to Happineſs. I be- "lieve therefore, when I pray for "you, it muſt be in this Strain: "That GOD would give you "Grace to deſerve and to be "thankful for thoſe many Bleſ- "ſings which he has already be- "ſtowed on you."

THE

THE great SCIPIO, during an Engagement between the Carthaginians and Numidians, being poſted on a Hill, could ſee thoſe formidable Armies, conſiſting of near a hundred thouſand Men each, engage in Battle without any Danger to himſelf; for he had been ſent on an Embaſſy to MASINISSA, by the Romans, who were not then at War with either Party, and arrived juſt as the Battle began. This great General often ſaid afterwards, that he had been preſent at many Battles, but at none with ſo much Pleaſure as this.—Good GOD! what a *Pleaſure!* to ſee two hundred thouſand Men butchering one another, like the Soldiers of the preſent Day, for——they know not what.

IT is not by Way of Cavil or Deriſion, that I would aſk this Queſtion: What Reaſon has any Man to think that the Virgin MARY poſſeſſes thoſe great Attributes of the DEITY, *Ubiquity*, *Omniſcience*, and *Omnipotence*, ſo as ſhe can be in ten thouſand Places at the ſame Time, and hear and grant the Prayers that are addreſſed to her by Papiſts of all Nations?

THE ſame Queſtion I have propoſed relative to the Virgin MARY, is applicable alſo to any other created Being. What Reaſon have we to think that Angels, Saints, or any other *Creatures*, poſſeſs the Attributes of their CREATOR?—I again repeat, I aſk not theſe Queſtions from a Spirit of Cavil: I ſeek only for Information.

ANY

ANY Production of that excellent claſſic Writer, HORACE, muſt be acceptable to every Perſon of Taſte and Genius. It is with no ſmall Satisfaction, that the Literati have received two additional Odes of HORACE, that have been communicated to them, by GASPER PALLAVICINI, Sub-Librarian in the Palatine Library. The Copy, from which I give theſe Odes to the Public, I received in Manuſcript from a learned foreign Correſpondent; and as the delicate and ingenious Sentiments and Expreſſions in them prove them to be genuine, I think the Printing of them, as a conſiderable Acquiſition to Literature, muſt be acceptable to the World. But as all my Readers may not be verſed in the Language they are wrote in, I ſhall give a Tranſlation in the oppoſite Pages.

LIB.

LIB. I. ODE 39.

Ad JULIUM FLORUM.

DISCOLOR grandem gravat uva ramum,
Inſtat Autumnus ; glacialis anno
Mox Hyems volvente aderit, capillis
Horrida canis.

Jam licet nymphas trepide fugaces
Inſequi, lento pede detinendas;
Et labris captæ ſimulantis iram
Oſcula figi.

Jam licet vino madidos vetuſto
De die lætum recitare carmen ;
Flore, ſi te des hilarem, licebit
Sumere noctem.

Jam vide curas Aquilone ſparſas!
Mens viri fortis ſibi conſtat, utrum
Serius lethe, citiuſve triſtis
Advolat hora.

BOOK I. ODE 39.

To Julius Florus.

THE Grape's dark Cluſter bends the Bough,
Now Autumn reigns; but ſoon the Year
Shall Winter bring with horrid Brow,
Shaking of Froſt a glitt'ring Spear.

Now is the Seaſon in the Race,
Gently to ſtop the flying Maid;
The Lover's Kiſſes will find Place,
By her feign'd Anger undiſmay'd.

Now is the Seaſon, warm'd with Wine,
By Day the Poem to recite;
Or if to ſing thou ſhalt incline,
We'll liſten all the bliſsful Night.

Behold! how Troubles flit in Wind!
The brave Man, with collected Soul,
Is ſtill prepar'd long Hours to find,
Or Life precipitately roll.

ODE XL.

Ad Librum ſuum.

DULCI libello nemo ſodalium
Forſan meorum charior extitit;
De te merenti quid fidelis
Officium domino rependes!

Te Roma cautum territat ardua!
Depone vanos invidiæ metus;
Urbiſque fidens dignitati,
Per plateas animoſus audi.

En quo furentes Eumenidum choros
Disjecit almo fulmine Jupiter!
Huic ara ſtabit, fama cantu
Perpetuo celebranda creſcet.

ODE XL.

To his Book.

DEAR Book, of many a tuneful Dream,
Perhaps, no Friend I more eſteem;
Yet what Return have I to boaſt
Of Good from thee for all my Coſt!

Thee ſtately Rome dejects with Fear!
Vain Doubts of Envy, diſappear!
In Rome's known Dignity confide,
Be Fortitude thy Guard and Guide.

Lo! the mad Eumenean Band
Is fell'd by JOVE's kind, thund'ring Hand!
An Altar raiſe; let deathleſs Song
The Triumph of the God prolong.

THE Labourer, ſays holy Writ, is worthy of his Hire. If Hirelings are to be paid in Proportion to their Deſerts, I think Juſtice alſo requires, that Compenſation ſhould be made for the Services of thoſe who move in a genteeler Sphere of Life, and who have a Delicacy and Spirit above exacting a certain Sum, or making a Tradeſman's Bargain and Sale for thoſe Services. Yet how often do we ſee Injuſtice and Ingratitude prevail! and Perſons who have mounted aloft by the Aid of others Ladders, no ſooner arrived at the deſired Summit, kick the Ladders away, and quite forget the Makers of them!— Theſe Perſons ſhould be told of the Remark the Philoſopher ANAXAGORAS made to the celebrated PERICLES:—"PERICLES," ſaid

ſaid he, " thoſe who make Uſe of " a Lamp, ſhould take Care to " feed it with Oil."

THE antient Greeks and Romans made every Sentiment, Paſſion and Duty give Way to the Love they had for their Country. This *Amor Patriæ* was their ruling Paſſion, and made them violate the Laws of Religion and Morality, deſpiſe the Feelings of Nature, and commit the moſt horrid Actions without Remorſe. A Father would murder his Son, a Son his Father, a Brother his Siſter, if they but thought the Good of their Country required it. This was carrying Things to a moſt extravagant Height: It was tearing aſunder the Bands of Nature and Duty, ſnatching the Scales of Juſtice from the Magiſtrate's

Hands, and uniting the whole legiſlative and executive Powers in one intereſted Individual.

OWING to the ſame Principle, they would commit the greateſt Acts of Treachery againſt their Enemies; and provided they obtained their Ends, were little ſolicitous about the Means they employed. Indeed, they laid it down as a fundamental Maxim, that Force and Fraud were to be uſed indiſcriminately againſt their Foes:

"Dolus an Virtus quis in Hoſte requirat?"

THE Examples we read in Hiſtory, of their Treachery and baſe Actions of this Kind, are extremely numerous, and ſhock a Perſon of the groſſeſt Feeling. To diſguiſe themſelves, penetrate into an Enemy's Camp, and aſſaſſinate the General, they looked on as a glorious Exploit; to violate the moſt

moſt ſolemn Oaths they had taken, by infringing a Treaty of Peace, was meritorious, provided they had a Proſpect of gaining by it; and to put Thouſands of Priſoners to Death, after the moſt ſacred Aſſurances of their Safety, was a common Practice with them.—Thoſe Authors who are continually ſounding the Praiſes of the Ancients, and depreciating the Merits of the Moderns, would do well, methinks, to advert a little to theſe Things.

THE Continence of SCIPIO, as it is called, is Matter of great Exultation with ſome Writers. Yet what is this Continence of SCIPIO? Why, having taken a Spaniſh Princeſs in War, betrothed to a young Prince, he did not reſerve her for his own Bed,

but reſtored her to her Lover. And where is the great Merit of this Action? It would be thought none in a General of the preſent Day: But being performed at a Time when unjuſt and baſe Actions were with Impunity committed, it had the Appearance of a high Virtue. As ſuch a Conduct in a General in theſe Times would be regarded with Indifference, or at leaſt not be looked on as any great Effort of Virtue; and as it was conſidered by the Antients as an unexampled Stretch of Honour; does it not manifeſtly prove the vaſt Superiority the Moderns poſſeſs in a Sanctity of Conduct over thoſe boaſted Antients?

THE moſt vicious Habits may eaſily be broke by Attention and

and Care; and vicious or unmeaning Modes of Speech may be forſaken ſtill more eaſily. An Inſtance of the latter I once knew, though in an old Man. This Perſon had a Cuſtom of ſaying "at "your Service," a hundred Times in a Day. A humorous Quaker meeting him, accoſted him thus: "Friend, how is thy Wife?"—"At your Service," replies the good-natured Gentleman. "And "how is thy beauteous Daughter?" —"At your Service."—"Friend, "art thou uſed to tell Lies?"—"Tell Lies! no, I thank my "God: I would not tell a Lie on "any Account."—"Why then, "Friend, ſend thy Daughter to "me to-Night; who thou ſaidſt "was at my Service. Thy Wife "alſo thou told'ſt me was at my "Service; but I do not chuſe to "be concerned with a married "Woman; ſo thou needeſt not "ſend her, but do not forget to "ſend thy beauteous Daughter."

ANOTHER Perſon had a ſtrange Manner of ſaying he "flattered "himſelf," at every Sentence he ſpoke. "I flatter myſelf," he would cry, "that I am right in "this Opinion. I flatter my- "ſelf, I am not ſuch a Rogue as "ſuch a Man is. I flatter myſelf, "I have more Senſe than Mr. "ſuch-a-One. I flatter myſelf, I "am in the good Graces of ſuch a "Woman."—One Day he ſpoke thus to a Quaker, as the latter was telling him, he had refuſed to lend fifty Pounds to a Kinſwoman: "I flatter myſelf, Friend JONA- "THAN, you would lend me one "hundred Pounds, if I wanted it:" —"Thou doſt flatter thyſelf in- "deed," replied his Friend; "for "I would not lend thee an hun- "dred Pence."

IT

IT is a common Saying, that Proſperity gains Friends, and Adverſity tries them. The Maxim certainly is not juſt. I think the Reverſe is rather true. Adverſity is more likely to gain Friends than Proſperity. Proſperity may indeed gather pretended Friends about a Man, as a Pot of Honey gathers Flies about it; but Adverſity, like a rude Storm, will waſh thoſe Inſects away.

A CONTINUED State of Proſperity would be as inſipid as continual Sunſhine. Adverſity intervening renders Life as grateful as the Changes of the Seaſons, or the alternate Succeſſion of Day and Night.

OF all the Peſts of Society I know of none worſe than profeſſed Diſputants, who will cavil for the ninth Part of a Hair. Theſe ill-bred Fellows will contradict for the Sake of Contradiction, and are never eaſy but when they are prating. If one of theſe, beſides his Volubility of Speech, has travelled much, he will avail himſelf of a Traveller's Licence, which he always carries about him, and relate more Fables, *alias* Falſehoods, in a Quarter of an Hour, than he need do in his whole Life. The Tongues of theſe People, as the honeſt Hibernian remarked, are mighty glad when they are aſleep; for then they obtain a little Reſt. The ancient Sophiſts ſeem to me to have been the Sires of our modern Diſputants. Theſe Sophiſts firſt

firſt appeared in Greece, in the Time of SOCRATES, and made a Trade of their pretended Knowledge, wandering from City to City, and attended by Crowds of their Diſciples. There was ſcarce an Art or Science theſe Maſters did not profeſs; Theology, Phyſics, Ethics, Arithmetic, Aſtronomy, Grammar, Muſic, Poetry, Rhetoric, and Hiſtory. Their greateſt Skill, however, was ſuppoſed to be in Philoſophy and Eloquence; and they valued themſelves highly, upon giving immediate Anſwers to all Queſtions that could be propoſed to them. We are told, notwithſtanding their pompous Profeſſions, that their Diſciples acquired nothing from their Precepts but a ſilly Eſteem for themſelves, and an univerſal Contempt for every one elſe; ſo that not a Scholar quitted their Schools, but was more impertinent than when he firſt entered them. Thus we ſee

that

that theſe ancient Sophiſts, like our modern Diſputants, taught the Knowledge of Words rather than of Things; as if the ſole Buſineſs of a Man's Life was to have a Knack at Diſputation, and to be capable of *prating* on any Subject that might occur.

A MAN that is forward to commit Injuries, can never bear well thoſe done to himſelf.

"ARE you not aſhamed "to *ſing* ſo well," ſaid PHILIP of Macedon to his Son ALEXANDER. "Are you not aſhamed to "*turn* ſo well?" I will ſay to a King now living.—There are Excellencies that diſgrace, and Abilities

lities that diſhonour a Man and a Monarch.

SHAKESPEAR ſays,

" The Senſe of Death is moſt in Apprehenſion ;
" And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
" In corporal Sufferance feels a Pang as great
" As when a Giant dies."

THE Sentiment couched in theſe Lines is certainly not founded on Truth; yet it breathes an excellent Spirit of Humanity, and is admirably well adapted to infuſe that Spirit. This we may ſuppoſe to have been SHAKESPEAR's Intention; and not that ſo able a Judge of human Nature actually imagined, that a poor Inſect feels as exquiſite Agonies when he dies, as the Lord of the Creation does.

ALL

ALL the Books in the World will not make a Man an Orator, *invita Minerva*. They may teach him the Rules and Precepts of that noble Art; but unleſs he has received from Nature oratorical Powers, and he conſtantly exerciſes them, the reading of Books will be no more effectual to gain Eloquence, than Inſtructions for ſwimming will be to make a Man a good Swimmer, without Practice. Practice indeed is neceſſary in all the Arts. We may as well tell a Man not to harangue in Public till he is a good Orator, as the fond Mother told her darling Child not to venture into the Water till he could ſwim.

THE Events of Childhood ſeem, even to old Age, as if recently tranſacted, and are far better remembered than thoſe but juſt done. The youthful Memory receives, like Virgin Wax, a ſtrong and laſting Impreſſion; but that of Age, like Wax ſtiffened by Time, will receive ſcarce the ſlighteſt. Yet there are many Things, I affirm by Experience, we ſay we remember in our Childhood, we do not in Fact remember. Were we to ſpeak with Preciſion, we ſhould ſay, "we re-"member that we *did* remember "them."

NOTHING is more ridiculous, nor more common, than

the uſing Words in a Senſe they will not bear, or produces more laughable or ſerious Effects. Though many Words are ſynonimous, yet differently applied, they have different Senſes. To *extinguiſh* and *put out* are certainly of the ſame Meaning; yet they cannot, with Propriety, be applied to the ſame Object. I ſhall exemplify this Remark—A Country Sexton — Dr. JOHNSON would write Sacriſtan — was deſired by the Curate, who was eſteemed a Prodigy of Learning, to extinguiſh the Candle. The Sexton pricked up his Ears, and ſtared. The Curate repeated his Command. The Sexton continued his ſtaring. "Extinguiſh that Candle, *put out* "that Candle, I ſay," repeated the Curate, in a more imperative Tone. He was inſtantly obeyed. —The Sexton treaſured up the hard Word extinguiſh in the Cabinet of his Heart; and the next Sunday, ſeeing a Dog in the Ayle, while

while himſelf was helping the Curate to put on his Canonicals, he calls to his Wife—"Extinguiſh "that Dog." His Wife ſtared at him, but ſaid nothing. "Ex-"tinguiſh that Dog, put out that "Dog, I ſay, DOROTHY."—The Dog was put out.

A LIBEL has often been called a *Noſe of Wax*, and with great Propriety; ſince in the plaſtic Hands of a ſkilful Lawyer, it may be moulded ſo as to aſſume almoſt any Form. I have often thought that *Hereſy* had as good a Title to the Appellation; ſince it has been ſo moulded, and worked up at different Times, and by different Sects, as to take the moſt deformed and haggard Appearance imaginable. This *Plaiſter of* PARIS is made Uſe of by every

religious Party; who forming from it Images of Fiends and Devils, ſwear that they are perfect Reſemblances of all thoſe who differ from them in Opinion. The Scripture indeed ſays, that Man was made after the Image of GOD; but the Bigots of every Religion affirm, on the contrary, that none but themſelves were made after that Image, and that all others were caſt in an infernal Stamp.—I will here give two Inſtances of what was deemed Hereſy, mentioned by HALE, *Hiſtoria Placitorum Coronæ*, P. 399, 400. KEYSER was found guilty of Hereſy, for that, being excommunicated by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, he ſaid, "that notwithſtanding that, he "was not excommunicated before "GOD; for his Corn yielded as "well as any of his Neighbours." And WARNER was found guilty of Hereſy for ſaying, "that he "was not bound to pay Tithes "to the Curate of the Pariſh "where

" where he dwelt." What muſt the preſent Age think of the Illiberality, Folly and Madneſs, of Courts in former Times, that could pronounce ſuch harmleſs Speeches to be Hereſy?—Yet in the Reign of EDWARD IV. our Courts of Juſtice ſeemed altogether as arbitrary. One WALTER WALKER, dwelling at the Sign of the *Crown* in Cheapſide, told his Child if he would be quiet, he would make him Heir of the Crown. For theſe Words he was attainted of high Treaſon, and executed. This is as hard a Caſe as ever I met with, and fully proves that Courts of Law pay no Regard to Wit.

IT is impoſſible, I think, to find a greater Contraſt in the Turn of Authors Minds than in

that of THOMSON and SWIFT. THOMSON was pious, benevolent and chearful; SWIFT was proud, miſanthropical and gloomy. THOMSON ſaw all the Beauties of Nature, and all the Walks of Society through Pleaſure's Perſpective; SWIFT ſaw them all through the wrong End of the Glaſs, and the View filled him with Diſguſt. THOMSON, with a Heart glowing for the Happineſs of his Fellow-Creatures, endeavoured to pleaſe and mend them, by pictureſque and animating Scenes; SWIFT, with a Soul replete with Acrimony, ſtrove to fright and torment them by horrid and dreary Views. THOMSON was Nature's own Painter; SWIFT was her *Caricaturiſt*. No one can read any of THOMSON's Writings without Profit: No humane Man can read SWIFT's without Pain. THOMSON's Works dilate the Heart, and touch the moſt delicate Fibres of our Frame; SWIFT's tend

tend to contract the Soul, and ſhut out all pleaſing Emotions. THOMSON paints Man as the beſt Work of GOD, whom he has made little inferior to the Angels; SWIFT repreſents him as an Abortion of Nature, and little leſs worſe than the Devils.—If THOMSON painted Man from his own Picture, how amiable muſt THOMSON have been! If SWIFT deſcribed Man from a Conſciouſneſs of what himſelf was, what a Monſter was SWIFT!

A DESIRE of penetrating into Futurity has poſſeſſed Mankind from the earlieſt Ages; but, ſenſible of their own Ignorance, Men addreſſed ſuperior Beings, in different Ways, to learn their Will. The wiſer Part of Mankind directed Prayers, made Vows, and

and offered Sacrifices, to prevail, if poſſible, with the DEITY to reveal himſelf in Dreams, Oracles, or other Signs. Others directed themſelves, for the like Aid, to fictitious and deceitful Deities, who were unable to anſwer their Expectations and recompenſe the Homage their deluded Worſhippers paid them. The Heathens in general never undertook any Enterprize of Importance without previouſly conſulting their Gods: But they did this in ſo ridiculous a Manner, as excites the Wonder and Contempt of the preſent Age. The Flight and Singing of Birds, the Pecking of Chickens, the Appearance of the Entrails of Beaſts, the Aſpect of the Planets, and a thouſand other equally deceitful Circumſtances, guided them in their fooliſh and ſuperſtitious Enquiries. Yet though this Practice was general, we muſt not imagine that all Men alike relied on its wonderful Effects; and that they

they really believed the DIVINITY was to be influenced by ſuch trivial Ceremonies and abſurd Rites they paid him, to reverſe the eſtabliſhed Order of Things. Far from it. The Sages, Heroes and Legiſlators knew better; and CICERO expreſsly ſays, that he wondered how one Soothſayer could look in the Face of another without laughing. As to the Generals conforming to the ancient Cuſtom of conſulting the Will of the Gods before Battles, it was only done to pleaſe their Soldiers, who would have been ſo ſhocked by a contemptuous Neglect of them, that they would, in all Probability, have thrown down their Arms, or at leaſt, have uſed them very weakly: Beſides this, the Manners, Cuſtoms, and even Laws, would not permit Men, in thoſe Ages, to diſpenſe with the Obſervation of the Practices I have mentioned.

MANY

MANY ingenious Authors have very juſtly expoſed the Abſurdity of our Courts of Law, in ſuffering ſubſtantial Juſtice to be ſacrificed for the Sake of legal Niceties. In Matters of Property this has a very pernicious Effect; yet not near ſo much ſo, as in Caſes where Life is concerned. Is it not a Reproach to our Courts to allow Exceptions in Indictments merely for Want of *Form*? Does not this injure the Cauſe of Innocence, and inſpire Confidence in the Guilty? On the other Hand, is it not highly inconſiſtent and abſurd to allow Priſoners the Aſſiſtance of Counſel, in Caſes of Treſpaſs, yet deny them the ſame Aſſiſtance in Caſes of Felony where Life is at Stake? The only Reaſon aſſigned for not doing it is, that the Ingenuity of Counſel

Counſel would continually be exerted in finding Exceptions, but if none were allowed but what affected the *Merits* of the Cauſe, no ill Effect could poſſibly enſue, and thoſe would not be deprived of Aſſiſtance at the Time they moſt need it.—I am no Lawyer; but my Humanity dictates theſe Obſervations.

IT is a Fact recorded by all our Hiſtorians, that the illuſtrious Queen ELIZABETH was excommunicated by the POPE; who declared it would be a meritorious Act to deprive her of her Kingdom. Cardinal ALLEN ſeconded his HOLINESS, and wrote a Book, proving that it was not only lawful, but highly Praiſeworthy to deprive excommunicated Princes of their Crowns; and that

that it would be a moſt laudable Action in any of Queen ELIZABETH's Subjects to take away her Life. Others publiſhed Writings exhorting the Maids of Honour to treat her as JUDITH did HOLOFERNES, and by ſuch an illuſtrious Deed, to render their own Names honourable and ſacred in the CHURCH throughout all future Ages.—I believe the Pope, Cardinals and Members of the Romiſh Church do not hold ſuch Doctrines at preſent; and that thoſe among them who are candid, will frankly acknowledge that former Popes were liable to *Error*, in encouraging Subjects to murder their Sovereigns.

MANY Authors have much miſrepreſented HOMER, in affirming

affirming, that he has drawn his ACHILLES as invulnerable in every Part but his Heel. But HOMER imitated human Nature better than to paint ſuch a Character. He has conſtantly repreſented him as ſubject to Wounds and Death as other Men; and in the Battle fought near the River Scamander, he has ſuppoſed him to be wounded in the right Arm by the Lance of ASTEROPÆUS; which ſingle Circumſtance amply refutes the common Notion entertained of ACHILLES being invulnerable, and which greatly degrades the Character of that Hero.

THE Gods of the Heathens were the ſtrangeſt Beings imaginable, and one would think little likely to excite the Veneration of Mankind, however they

might their Practice. To mention no other, what an Idea did they entertain of their JUPITER, the Father of Gods and Men! This great Perſonage committed ſuch infamous and wicked Actions as one can ſcarce think of without Horror. TERTULIAN obſerves, that it was no way ſtrange to ſee all Ranks of People ſo debauched, when they were encouraged in the moſt heinous Crimes by the Example of thoſe they worſhipped, and from whom they were to expect Rewards and Puniſhments. Indeed, the Numbers and Kinds of JUPITER's Gallantries, made him not only the Subject of Deteſtation among Chriſtians, but the Ridicule of the wiſer Part of the Heathens. LUCIAN, in his Dialogues, introduces MOMUS rallying JOVE for his amorous Metamorphoſes, in a poignant Style. "I have often trembled "for you," ſays he, "leſt when "you appeared like a *Bull*, "they

" they ſhould have put you in the
" Plough, or carried you to the
" Shambles. When you viſited
" DANAE, had a Goldſmith caught
" you, he would have melted
" down your Godſhip in a Cruci-
" ble: And when you courted
" LEDA like a *Swan*, had her Fa-
" ther met you, he would cer-
" tainly have put you on the
" Spit."

THE Heathen Philoſophers and Poets, had too much Senſe to believe their idle Fables related of the Gods, however expedient they might think it not directly to attack eſtabliſhed Syſtems of religious Fooleries. Hence we may perceive, that they inculcate in their Writings, the Being of a GOD; the Neceſſity of a ſuperintending Providence; the

Immortality of the Soul; the Reward of Virtue, and the Puniſhment of Vice; the Nature of the ſocial Duties; and the Character of thoſe Virtues that are the Foundation of Morality. But the Maſs of Mankind was groſsly ignorant, and utterly unable to diſcover either moral or religious Duties. It was CHRISTIANITY alone that could point out theſe. CHRISTIANITY was the Sun of the moral World, that ſhed its celeſtial Beams, to enlighten and direct Mankind in their Way to eternal Bliſs.

THE Hieroglyphics, myſtical Figures, or Symbols of the Egyptians, had much good-Senſe and Meaning in them, being extremely well adapted to convey from one Age to another remarkable

able Events or important Truths: But theſe being miſunderſtood by the Greeks and Romans, they gave them a Conſtruction foreign to their Deſign, and raiſed on them ſuch a Heap of Abſurdities, as one can ſcarce think of without Amazement. Thouſands of Inſtances might be adduced to prove this. I ſhall mention but two.—The *Furies*, who are painted by the Greeks and Romans in the moſt dreadful Colours, and repreſented with Hair formed of *Serpents*, Eyes inflamed with Madneſs, and carrying in one Hand Whips and Iron Chains, and in the other flaming *Torches*; one would naturally imagine to be the moſt horrid Beings imaginable. But they were the very Reverſe; and the Deformities aſcribed to them were the Symbols of national Joy and Repoſe. The Egyptians uſed theſe three allegorical Perſonages, whoſe Names were TISIPHONE, ALECTO, and MEGÆRA, to de-

note the three Months of Autumn. The *Serpent* was the Emblem of Life, Light and Happineſs; the *Torch* was the public Indication of a Sacrifice; and they placed two Quails at the Feet of the Figure, to ſignify that the general Security was owing to the Plenty of the Seaſon.

LET us now ſee what a monſtrous Syſtem the Greeks raiſed from thoſe Characters, the Egyptians uſed in deſcribing the Zodiac. The *Crab*, an Animal walking backwards or obliquely, was choſen as a proper Emblem of the Sun, who arriving at this Sign begins his Retrogradation. On the contrary, the wild *Goat*, whoſe Cuſtom is to feed as he climbs, was uſed to denote the Sun, who on coming to this Point of the Heavens, quits the loweſt Part of his Courſe to regain the higheſt. The *Ram*, the *Bull*, and the two *Kids* gave Name to the three celeſtial

celeſtial Houſes, through which the Sun paſſes in Spring. This diſtinguiſhed the different Kinds of young Cattle, produced in this Seaſon, as they naturally ſucceeded each other; the Lambs appearing firſt, the Calves next, and the Kids laſt. Two of theſe latter were choſen, on Account of the peculiar Fruitfulneſs of the Goat, which generally bears *Twins*. But theſe the Greeks diſplaced, ſubſtituting the Twin Brothers, CASTOR and POLLUX. The Fury of the *Lion* juſtly expreſſed the Heat of the Sun, on his leaving *Cancer*. The *Virgin* crowned with Ears of Corn, was an Emblem of the Harveſt, uſually ending about that Time. Nothing could better denote the Equality of Days and Nights under the autumnal Equinox, than the Balance *Libra*. The Diſeaſes, conſequent upon the Fall of the Leaf, were characteriſed by the *Scorpion*. The Chaſe of wild Beaſts, annually

ally obſerved at that Time, was not improperly diſtinguiſhed by *Sagittarius*, a Man on Horſeback, armed with a Bow and Arrow. *Aquarius* repreſented the Rains of Winter: And the two *Fiſhes* bound together, or incloſed in a Net, indicated the Seaſon for Fiſhing, ever beſt at the Approach of Spring. What could be more ſimple and uſeful than this Diviſion of the Sun's annual Courſe into twelve equal Portions, expreſſed by ſo many viſible Signs, which ſerved to regulate and deſcribe the Seaſons and the Buſineſs proper to each? Theſe rude Delineations of the celeſtial Houſes probably gave Birth to Painting. But then theſe Images preſented to the Mind a Meaning very different from the Idea conveyed to the Eye: And when this Meaning was loſt, the Imagination was quickly at Work to ſupply another more agreeable to its own Corruption.

As

As to the Attempts made by Numbers of late Writers to explain the Grecian and Roman Theology, they have been more fanciful than juſt. According to them, there is not a ſingle Abſurdity that a mad-ſtruck Brain ever formed, but what they have ſhewn to be replete with Wiſdom and Meaning; whereas, with Submiſſion, I preſume, that in forming thoſe Fables the Inventors had no Meaning at all, except it were to divert and ſurpriſe. But it is no new Thing for Men to endeavour to find a Myſtery in every Thing they do not underſtand, eſpecially in what is cloathed in the venerable Robes of Antiquity. It is impoſſible to invent a Story, with Circumſtances however abſurd, but an ingenious *Explainer of Myſteries* will diſcover its latent Meaning, ſhew how it is to be applied, and what a vaſt Fund of good-

Senſe

Senſe and Learning is couched in it.

HOWEVER abſurd the Heathen Mythology confeſſedly is in itſelf and apt to puzzle the green, Heads of Boys, or the grey Pates of Dotards; yet it is proper that every Perſon intended for a genteel Sphere of Life ſhould have a general Idea of it; ſince without underſtanding it, it is impoſſible to know the Meaning of an antique Statue, Picture, or Coin, or even to read a modern Poem with any Pleaſure. MILTON, in his immortal Poem, has almoſt exhauſted the whole Syſtem of the Heathen Theogony; but whether by jumbling together Chriſtianity and Paganiſm, in the Manner he has done, he has ſhewn his Judgment, however

however he has diſplayed his Reading, may reaſonably be doubted. For my Part, I look on ſuch a Jumble as an unnatural Mixture, and reſembling the Chaos he has ſo admirably painted.

THE laſt of our Engliſh Hermits was ROGER CRABB, whoſe Life has been ſeveral Times printed. This Man was a Hatter and Shopkeeper in Hertfordſhire, and at the Age of about thirty, having amaſſed a large Fortune, he diſtributed all to the Poor, and retired to a Hut himſelf had built. He lived chiefly on the ſpontaneous Products of the Fields, and drank nothing but Water. He held it unlawful to deprive any Creature of Life; and often gave a Halfpenny to reſtore a poor captive Bird to Liberty. He publiſhed

liſhed a Book in Juſtification of his Principles and Conduct; but no one imitated the latter, though it was no difficult Taſk to refute the former.—A formal Work againſt Solitude I ſhould imagine needleſs. None but an Enthuſiaſt could think of turning Hermit. I would only aſk ſuch, if he thinks Society ought entirely to be aboliſhed; —Cities to be razed; — Houſes pulled down;—all Ties and Relations to be annihilated; — the Works of Art to be burnt;—every Thing rare and valuable, the Work of Ages, to be deſtroyed; —and every Man and Woman to retire to his and her Hut to live ſeparate, and thus, in a little Time, to put an End to the human Race?—If no Hermit can anſwer theſe Queſtions in the affirmative, and will frankly own, that he would not have *every* one imitate *his* Conduct, he gives up the Point, and reluctantly confeſſes the Neceſſity and Charms of civil

civil Society, while he tacitly condemns his own Conduct in withdrawing from it.

A MAN ſuſpected of a felonious Action, is taken up, ſent to Gaol, uſed there in a barbarous Manner, yet when brought to his Trial is found perfectly innocent. A Man of common Senſe, unpractiſed in the *Wiſdom* of our Laws, would naturally imagine he would be now diſcharged. But no ſuch Thing; he muſt be remanded to Priſon to undergo the ſame harſh Treatment he received before his Trial, unleſs he pays the *Fees* that are demanded of him.—They are the pooreſt People on whom Suſpicions generally fall, and who ſo far from being able to pay Gaolers Fees, could ſcarcely maintain themſelves in Priſon before the Proof of their

Innocence appeared. How cruel therefore, after puniſhing an innocent Perſon with Impriſonment, making him loſe his Buſineſs and his Character, to *rob him of his Property*, under the Name of paying Fees!—O Shame! Shame! Shame!——

NOT leſs abſurd than this, is the making Perſons that have been robbed or injured by Felons, to be at the Expence and Trouble of proſecuting them. It often happens that the Perſon robbed is poor—or old—or perhaps going to the Country——or leaving the Kingdom, &c. In either of theſe Caſes, the Inconvenience, or Impoſſibility of his proſecuting the Felon to Conviction is ſo apparent, that he altogether declines it; and thus the Public in general ſuffer, innocent Men are ſtripped of their Property,

Property, and Guilt eſcapes with Impunity.—Not Individuals, but the Public, ſhould be at the Expence of Proſecutions for the Public Good.

THEATRICAL Entertainments have ever been conſidered as the moſt rational of any, by all liberal and candid Writers. The Stage certainly, under proper Regulations, might become, what its enthuſiaſtic Admirers now inſiſt on it to be, a School of Virtue: But whether in a free State, like ours, it is poſſible to put it under thoſe Regulations, I much doubt. At preſent, however, we may ſafely aſſert, it is conducted in a more chaſte Manner than any other public Exhibition. Indeed, any obſcene or immoral Piece would not be tolerated on it; and thoſe few Pieces that ſtill maintain

their Ground are rather ſuffered than approved. An Author of the preſent Day, that would venture to write a dramatic Piece with the tenth Part of the Indecency we ſee in ſome of thoſe of CONGREVE, FARQUHAR, BEHN or CENTLIVRE, would be deſervedly d—mn—d.

WHAT is the Cauſe we take a Pleaſure in viewing the Diſtreſſes of the Heroes and Heroines of Tragedy, at the very Time they move us to Grief and Pity? Is not Pleaſure and Pain incompatible? Can we feel both at the ſame Inſtant?—Theſe are Queſtions I have often aſked myſelf at the Repreſentation of a well-acted Tragedy. To me it appears, that the Pleaſure we feel at a tragic Exhibition, ariſes from our Conſciouſneſs that the Scene before us is not real; we admire too

too the Genius of the Bard, in drawing his Plan, diverſifying and ſupporting his Characters, and inventing Incidents affecting in themſelves, and conducive to the principal Deſign; and we behold and feel the great Abilities of able Actors in the moſt trying Scenes human Nature can undergo, which give us a painful Kind of Pleaſure. It may be ſaid alſo, that the Decorations of the Theatre, the Scenery, the Muſic, the Company aſſembled together in their beſt Looks, and with a Purpoſe of being pleaſed, all conſpire to heighten the Charms of the Entertainment. Thus I think Pleaſure and Pity are very reconcileable; and at the Moment the poor, old, mad LEAR pulls at our Heart-ſtrings, we admire the prodigious Powers of a GARRICK, that can enter ſo thoroughly into a Character as to be the very Man he perſonates.

I HAVE often ſpoke in Favour of the Theatre, yet I have ſome Doubts of the Importance of the Character of a Player, conſidered as ſuch. Was Man ſent into the World to *play the Fool?* Was Man, that immortal Mortal! whom GOD has made but little lower than the Angels, formed merely to repreſent different Characters, and ſpeak other People's Words, for the Diverſion of aſſembled Audiences in their idleſt Hours? Even ſuppoſing there is any Merit in ſhewing how a Hero demeans himſelf in particular Situations; can there be any in ſhewing how an Idiot, a Knave, or a Coward conducts himſelf? Let us ſuppoſe that the DEITY, when his Creature, whom he formed in his own Image, is *playing the Fool to the Life*, caſts his

his ALL-SEEING EYE upon him; can we think He will approve his Conduct, though the whole Audience is applauding him? When a Player lies ſtretched on the Bed of Death, let him caſt a Retroſpect on his Journey through Life, and aſk himſelf theſe Queſtions; "How have I ſuſtained the Cha- "racter I was ſent into the World "to bear? How have I played "my Part? Have I acted as "GOD commanded me to act? "The Clergyman who attends to "ſmooth the Bed of Anguiſh, "and ſpeak Peace to my guilty "Soul, tho' paid only the paltry "Stipend of forty Pounds a Year "for the nobleſt Services, for "ſhewing the Ways of GOD to "Man, yet has maintained him- "ſelf decently, and owes no one "a Shilling:—I have received "ten Times that Sum. I have "been paid more than an Officer "high in Rank, who has grown "grey in his Country's Service; "yet

" yet have defrauded Numbers
" of credulous Tradeſmen, and
" muſt now depart without pay-
" ing them their juſt Demands.
" How ſhall I anſwer for theſe
" Things? And what can I ſay
" to my offended CREATOR, who
" aſks me what was the Character
" I played on the World's great
" Stage? Can I tell him, I *played*
" *the Player*; and that I hope for
" immortal Bliſs for my Skilful-
" neſs in acting RODERIGO,
" LOTHARIO, the FINE GEN-
" TLEMAN in *Lethe*, ENOCH IS-
" SACHAR, DOGBERRY, SCRUB,
" ABEL DRUGGER, SHARP,
" TRINCULO, HARLEQUIN,
" and other ſuch Parts? And that
" though I never opened the Bi-
" ble, nor attended at any Place
" of divine Worſhip, nor ever
" ſpoke of them but to ridicule
" them; yet that I expect to be
" rewarded for my going into all
" the infamous Places in Town
" and Country, that I might be

" able

" able to mimic, or *take off*, the " Actions and Deportment of " Thieves, Beggars, Oſtlers, " Gamblers, Pimps, Jockies, " Fools, Coxcombs, Jews, Turks, " Debauchees, Drunkards, Stock- " brokers, Auctioneers, Fidlers, " Aldermen, Iriſh Prieſts, Welſh " Genealogiſts, Engliſh Boors and " Scotch Pedlars?" If a Player, in the Situation I have mentioned, were ſeriouſly to aſk theſe Queſtions, could he reſolve them in the Affirmative; and would he have the Approbation of his Conſcience?

I SHALL now mention an Obſervation on the other Side of the Queſtion, which ſome may imagine will wholly invalidate all that has been ſaid againſt the *Reſpectability*, (if I may coin a Word)

or

or Importance of the Profeſſion of a Player.—If the Theatre be really uſeful to Society, there muſt be Players, and thoſe Players muſt perſonate the various Characters in human Life; and therefore, it may be concluded, the Profeſſion of a Player is reſpectable. I could eaſily ſhew the Fallacy of this Deduction; but as I have no Hopes of convincing this *Stage-ſtruck Age*, that a Player is not a worthy Member of the Community, and that he does not act up to the Part GOD deſigned him for, I ſhall decline ſo ungrateful a Taſk. Inſtead of attempting Impoſſibilities, I ſhall here aſk a few Queſtions concerning the Deſignation of Man, his wondrous Powers, and the Objects he ſhould exert them on; which I hope my Readers will apply to the Character of a Player, and then determine whether he acts in the Manner GOD and Nature appointed.

SAY, why was Man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt Creation; why ordain'd
Through Life and Death to dart his piercing Eye,
With Thoughts beyond the Limit of his Frame;
But that the OMNIPOTENT might ſend him forth
In Sight of mortal and immortal Powers,
As on a boundleſs Theatre, to run
The great Career of Juſtice; to exalt
His generous Aim to all diviner Deeds;
To chaſe each partial Purpoſe from his Breaſt;
And through the Miſts of Paſſion and of Senſe,
And through the toſſing Tide of Chance and Pain,
To hold his Courſe unfalt'ring, while the Voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the ſteep Aſcent
Of Nature, calls him to his high Reward,
Th' applauding Smile of Heav'n? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal Boſoms this unquenched Hope,
That breathes from Day to Day ſublimer Things,
And mocks Poſſeſſion? Wherefore darts the Mind
With ſuch reſiſtleſs Ardour to embrace
Majeſtic Forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs Controul of wilful Might;

Proud

Proud of the ſtrong Contention of her Toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad Fire his unconſtrained View,
Than to the Glimmering of a waxen Flame?
Who that, from Alpine Heights, his lab'ring Eye
Shoots round the wide Horizon, to ſurvey
The Nile or Ganges rolling his bright Wave
Through Mountains, Plains, through Empires black with Shade,
And Continents of Sand; will turn his Gaze
To mark the Windings of a ſcanty Rill
That murmurs at his Feet? The high-born Soul
Diſdains to reſt her Heav'n-aſpiring Wing
Beneath its native Quarry. Tir'd of Earth
And this diurnal Scene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through Fields of Air; purſues the flying Storm;
Rides on the volly'd Lightning through the Heav'ns;
Or yok'd with Whirlwinds and the northern Blaſt,
Sweeps the long Tract of Day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue Profound, and hovering round the Sun

Beholds

Beholds him pouring the redundant Stream
Of Light; beholds his unrelenting Sway
Bend the reluctant Planets to abſolve
The fated Round of Time.

AKENSIDE.

THAT the human Body is mechanically affected by certain Sounds we may reaſonably infer, though we cannot develope the Cauſe. A String of a muſical Inſtrument will vibrate of its own Accord, when another is ſounded near it of equal Length, Tenſion, and Thickneſs. In a Church one may feel the Floor and the Pew tremble to certain Tones of the Organ. A Perſon who ſneezes, or ſpeaks loud near an Harpſichord, may hear the Strings of the Inſtrument murmur in the ſame Tone. And, what is equally ſurpriſing with theſe Inſtances, a Perſon with a ſtrong Voice may exert

it in ſuch a Manner, as to make all the drinking Glaſſes near him ſend forth Tones of a peculiar Nature. Nay, there are Numbers of Perſons who can exert their Voices ſo powerfully, and excite ſuch an Agitation in the Air, that the Sound alone will ſhatter the Glaſſes to Pieces. Theſe Facts are well known, though the Cauſes of them be hid from us.

THERE is an Order of Men, for which I have the greateſt Reſpect;—this is the Clergy. When this Body of Men acts conſiſtent with the Dignity of the holy Function, it is no Violation of Truth to aſſert, that it is the moſt reſpectable and uſeful of any in Society. If any Means could be found out to give Weight to ſo large and ſo learned a Body;

to

to make it more reſpected than it is at preſent by the Nation in general; and, while the major Part of the Individuals of which that Body is compoſed, is labouring for the Salvation of Souls, to draw a Plan for the Relief of their own Neceſſities; ſuch a Work, I think, would be extremely uſeful, and ſuch a Plan would deſerve to be ſeriouſly conſidered, and when ſeriouſly conſidered, to be carried into effectual Execution.

WHAT I allude to is this.—While the Clergy are devoted to inſtruct the World in the Things that belong to their eternal Peace, it is reaſonable they ſhould enjoy the Fruits of their generous Labours; eſpecially if it be conſidered, that by aſſuming the ſpiritual Function, they give up all the Advantages and Emoluments that might ariſe from temporal Purſuits. Yet the prodigious Diſproportion obſerved in apportion-

ing their ſeveral Rewards, muſt ſtrike the moſt careleſs Obſerver, and excite the juſteſt Murmurings. As all Men are naturally equal in the great Scale of Being; ſo every Member of the eccleſiaſtical Community is naturally on a Level, and ſhould receive ſuch a Portion of the Maintenance the Laws have aſſigned, as his Services ſhould deſerve. He that employs his Talents beſt, ſhould be beſt rewarded. He that to his five Talents adds five, and he who to his two Talents adds too, deſerve ſurely a better Recompence than he, who receiving but one Talent, hides that in the Earth, inſtead of employing it for the Good of Society. The Saviour of the World thought thus, and ſtrongly inculcated the Doctrine: But, I am ſorry to ſay, our Legiſlature does not ſeem to think thus, nor follow the Practice recommended. The Legiſlature has ſhewn a Partiality that diſgraces their Wiſdom and Humanity,

Humanity, and made an Inequality that heaps Riches on one Part, and conſigns the other to Poverty. This is not generous or equitable: But, what is ſtill more unjuſt, and might excite Surprize in a Man not verſed in the Affairs of the World, they have beſtowed Titles, Honours and Wealth, not on Integrity and Wiſdom, but on thoſe whoſe verſatile Genius will lead them to concur in all the Meaſures of a Court, and who poſſeſs, what is called, great Family-Intereſt. When theſe Titles, Honours, and Riches are beſtowed on the favourite Sons of Fortune, though they have not been conferred for paſt Services, one would think they would prove ſtrong Incitements to future ones. But this is not the Caſe. When a Mitre rains down on the Head of a rich Rector, pious Prebendary, or an arch Arch-Deacon, the Fall of it ſo aſtounds, the Weight of it ſo loads the good Gentleman,

that tho' before he was as alert and active as a fleet Racer in running his Courſe, he becomes ſuddenly as dull and reſtive as BALAAM's, or any other Man's Aſs.—Now I would humbly propoſe, that as the great Weight of the ſpiritual Buſineſs lies on the inferior Clergy, they ſhould be much better provided for than they are at preſent; and that a due Proportion ſhould be obſerved in the Diſtribution of eccleſiaſtical Preferments, in Order that while ſome of GOD's Ambaſſadors feaſt on the good Things of the Earth, on delicious *Manna* and fat *Quails*, others of GOD's Ambaſſadors ſhould not be left to ſtarve. This Propoſal, it is true, has often been made before; yet I could not reſiſt the Pleaſure of making it again: However, I muſt needs ſay, that as the Plan would be of great Utility to the World, and the carrying it into Execution depends on the Archbiſhops, Biſhops, and other

other Dignitaries, I have no Sort of Hopes it will ever take Place.

THE preceding Obſervations I wrote on the laſt Day of Lent; to which, as not foreign to the Subject, I ſubjoin this

EXTEMPORE STANZA.

'Gainſt Hares and Fowls fat Prelates War may wage,
Now the ſad, luckleſs Time of Faſting's ſpent;
But meager Curates, tho' good, learn'd, and ſage,
Are forc'd, poor Souls! to keep perpetual Lent.

THE pompous Titles given to the haughty Succeſſors of humble

humble Fiſhermen have often amazed me. Some of them appear to me either to border on the very Confines of Blaſphemy, or to have no Meaning in them. I would fain know how any Man alive can, with Propriety, be called a RIGHT-REVEREND FATHER IN GOD? What is the Meaning of this great Title? How can any Man, formed of Duſt and Aſhes, full of Frailty, and full of Sin, be ſaid to be RIGHT-REVEREND? And how is he a *Father in* GOD? Equivocation may explain away theſe Words, but common Senſe muſt determine they are impious and abſurd.—As to the Terms, your *Grace*, your *Lordſhip*, your *Reverence*, &c. &c. they ſavour too much of Vanity and laical Pride, to become the Humility of the Diſciples of CHRIST, and Teachers of His Goſpel. I cannot find any ſuch Titles were ever given to our SAVIOUR or his Apoſtles; yet, without intending any

any Affront to the pious Paſtors of the eſtabliſhed Church, I really think the Apoſtles were as holy, wiſe and virtuous, as any of the Primates, Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Deans, Archdeacons, Prebendaries, Rectors, Vicars, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. of the preſent Age.

CHARITABLE Foundations in general are badly conducted. The Officers employed exhauſt three Fourths of the Revenues allotted for their Support. Thus the generous and worthy Part of the Public contributes to fatten a Parcel of hungry Locuſts, who devour Fruits that were deſtined to the Support of thoſe who had been, or might prove uſeful Members of Society.—There is ſcarce any public Charity but is greatly abuſed, and that might not,

not, with proper Management, be ſupported at leſs than half the Expence it is at preſent. A thorough Conviction of this Truth deters many well-diſpoſed Perſons from contributing to the numerous Charities eſtabliſhed amongſt us under a Variety of Names. Yet though many are deterred, many alſo give; for Generoſity is the Characteriſtic of the preſent Age. From whatever Principle it ſprings, the good Effects are certain. But the prodigious Number of our charitable Receptacles for the Diſeaſed, the Poor, the Infirm, the Lunatic, the Penitent, the Pregnant, though it proves the Generoſity, at the ſame Time proclaims aloud the Degeneracy and Profligacy of the Times, that make ſuch Inſtitutions neceſſary. —Were there to be a thorough Inſpection into the State of our charitable Inſtitutions, it would evidently appear that the Abuſes of them are very great; that the Number

Number of Officers bears no Proportion to the Buſineſs there is to do; that many of the Places are converted to mere Sinecures; and that fewer Officers, with leſs Salaries, might produce a Saving, which, if applied to the Poor in general, would leſſen the Taxes that the over-burthened Houſekeepers ſo juſtly and ſo feelingly complain of.

ONE great Miſapplication of the Money given to charitable Inſtitutions is the building of Palaces for the Reſidence of the Poor, inſtead of Hoſpitals. This has given Occaſion to an ingenious Writer to remark,

Her Poor to Palaces BRITANNIA brings,
St. James's *Hoſpital* may ſerve her Kings.
P. WHITEHEAD.

ALMOST

ALMOST every Man affects to have ſome Knowledge of his Buſineſs or Profeſſion peculiar to himſelf; and many of them, if interrogated, account for it in a moſt ridiculous Manner. I actually knew the Coachman, who being told by a Gentleman, he was ſurprized to find ſo much Knowledge in one of his Profeſſion; "O Sir," obſerved this Cracker of the Whip, "you need not "wonder at it; for I have drove "the Oxford Stage theſe ten "Years." In like Manner, I ſcarce ever knew a Printer who, becauſe he had been uſed to ſet up Letters, did not affect to be a *Man of Letters*; or a Bookſeller who, becauſe he ſold the Works of the Learned, did not ſet up for a *learned*

learned Man. The Typographer and the Bibliopoliſt have the Names of the greateſt Authors by Heart, and talk as familiarly of JOHN LOCKE, Sir ISAAC NEWTON, JOHN MILTON and ALEXANDER POPE, as if they really had read and underſtood them. But notwithſtanding the vaſt Numbers of thoſe who hang on the Skirts of Learning, and who *feed on her Entrails*, how few BOWYERS and DODSLEYS do we meet with!—I could ſay more on this Subject, but that malicious Ingenuity might deem it Treaſon againſt the Majeſty of the Printers, and Blaſphemy againſt the Omnipotence of the Bookſellers, who may happen to print and ſell theſe THOUGHTS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

A LIE told in the Way of Buſineſs, or behind his Counter, the Tradeſman looks on to be harmleſs. He conſiders it, as what the Clergy ſtyle, a pious Fraud; and rather than loſe the Selling of one Yard of Ribbon or half an Ounce of Thread, will tell twenty Falſehoods, and call G—— to witneſs the Truth of them.

YOUNG Men ſhould deny themſelves preſent Gratifications to procure themſelves greater in Reverſion. This Maxim will hold in all Caſes that may preſent themſelves, particularly thoſe where Money Matters may be concerned. Extravagance will bring Penury; but

but Frugality will enable a Man to purſue Pleaſure with Moderation, and enjoy any innocent Amuſement whenever he thinks proper. [See Page 89.]

IT has been often ſaid, and is generally believed, that a covetous Man cannot be honeſt, for he robs himſelf. I deny the Aſſertion. A Man may be covetous of Money, yet deny himſelf nothing he wants. His Wants indeed are uſually confined to a narrower Circle than thoſe of People of a different Caſt of Temper; but if his Deſires are moderate, and he enjoys all his Deſires, which is very compatible with Avarice, he neither robs himſelf, or other People. I cannot ſay he is ſo uſeful to Society as a generous Man; but I will affirm he is

much more ſo than the Spendthrift. The Spendthrift may for a while bear the Title of a generous Man; but the Characters are widely different. The Spendthrift too may for ſome Time be of Uſe to Society, in the Circulation of his Money; but when that ceaſes, it will probably be found he has ruined more Families than benefited Individuals. On the whole then, the Miſer is not ſo deſpicable a Character as is generally imagined; for though he does not practiſe any exalted Virtues, yet neither does he fall into any diſgraceful Vices; and though he does not feel the Heart-ſoothing Pleaſure of cheering drooping Merit, or raiſing the Widow or Orphan from their indigent State, as the Man of Generoſity does, yet neither does he bring worthy Families to Ruin by running into Debts he cannot and will not pay, as the Spendthrift does.

I WOULD fain know how a proud Prelate, lolling in his ſuperb Vehicle, drawn by ſix fiery Steeds, and attended by his Servants in flaming Liveries, can anſwer it to his Conſcience, to drive over a poor Thread-bare coated Curate, and ſo terribly bruiſe him that his Life was deſpaired of, and when this poor Curate afterwards applied to this *great* Man, I mean to his GRACE, THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF————to refuſe giving him any Aſſiſtance to obtain proper Remedies for his Recovery, or to make him any Compenſation for the Injuries and Bruiſes he had received. What muſt we think of ſuch a Prelate, who *rode at ſuch a Rate*, and acted in ſuch a Manner? He did not act up to the Meekneſs

recommended in the Goſpel, nor ride lowly on a young Colt, the Foal of an Aſs, as his MASTER did. His Maſter did I ſay? JESUS was not his Maſter. JESUS is not the Maſter of *proud* Prelates. JESUS did not behave in the Manner, nor live in the Pomp and Splendor as our Biſhops do; nor did the Apoſtles of JESUS live or act as our ſuperior Clergy do, for whom the Earth, Air and Sea are ranſacked for Dainties to pleaſe their polite Palates. I call their Palates polite, as this is the Order of Men who have reduced the Science of Eating into a Syſtem, given it Rules, and made it both the Regulator and Glory of their Tables.

THE Author who writes the Life of any particular Perſon, is

is ſeldom impartial. Inſtead of being an Hiſtorian, he becomes a Panegyriſt. He does not draw his Hero's Character, as Characters ought to be drawn, with their due Proportion of Light and Shade, Virtues and Vices; but he ſoftens the one, and exaggerates the other, and not unfrequently repreſents even Blemiſhes as Beauties. Indeed this is ſcarcely to be wondered at, conſidering the Nature of Man, and the Predilection of an Author for his favourite Subject; as it is not to be ſuppoſed a Writer would draw his Pen for any Perſonage totally indifferent to him. The ſame Obſervations may, in a great Meaſure, be applied to a Tranſlator, who is ſo captivated with his Author's Merits, that he ſees no Defects in him; and who diſplaying all his Graces at full Length in elaborate Notes, either entirely paſſes over his Blemiſhes, or inſiſts on it that they are Beauties.

AS

AS the Strength of a Nation conſiſts of the Number of uſeful and induſtrious Subjects, what muſt we think of that Policy, which for the Sake of a pitiful Revenue, puts the enchanted Cup into the Hands of Artiſans and Manufacturers, to corrupt their Minds and enervate their Bodies?—This Subject has often been touched on, and this ſore Grievance complained of; but 'till the Grievance is redreſſed, the Subject cannot be touched on too often.

"YOU treat of trite Sub-
"jects," ſaid a Friend to me the other

other Day; "not a ſingle new one "have you ſtruck out; and as to "your Sentiments, there is not "one but is to be met with in ſome "Author or another."—Very true. No Man alive can invent a new Subject. As to my Sentiments, if they are juſt, give me Credit for them. They are my own Property, though they have belonged to other Authors before I was born; and it is probable that after my Death, the ſame Sentiments will be tranſmitted down to late Poſterity, though cloathed in a different Dreſs from that they appear in at preſent. Faſhions may alter, but the Materials of which they are compoſed may be had at all Times.

THERE is not that Difference between the Underſtandings

ings of People of Rank, conſidered merely as ſuch, and thoſe of the Vulgar, that many Perſons imagine. The only eſſential Difference I find is in the *Expreſſion* of their Sentiments; the Subſtance is nearly the ſame — both very flimſy. The Man of Genius or the Scholar as much excels either, as the Lion excels the braying Brother of BALAAM's Beaſt.

EVERY Poet, it is ſaid, has a Tincture of Madneſs, or as SHAKESPEAR terms it, a fine Phrenſy. I believe the Saying is very true; for I know ſeveral Bards who have this Madneſs, or fine Phrenſy, that ſparkles in their Eyes, and actuates their whole Deportment. A true Poet, it is alſo ſaid, can only write at particular Seaſons, that is, when the Vis

Vis poetica, or *fiery Fit*, ſeizes him. This likewiſe I have been aſſured by my poetic Friends, is Matter of Fact. When the *hot* Fit ſeizes them they compoſe with the greateſt Eaſe; but at other Times they can no more write a Stanza, than a Man in a cold Fit of the Ague, can ſing a Cantata. For my Part, I thank the *Gods*, I have not the leaſt Tincture of Madneſs. It is true, I have ſometimes produced Verſes; but I cannot call it writing, but compiling them. Another Circumſtance, beſides the Mediocrity, or rather Miſerableneſs, of my Verſes, which ſhews I am not a true Poet, nor ſubject to the Poet's fine Phrenſy, is, that I can *make* my Verſes, ſuch as they are, at any Time. I have no Raptures! no Starts! no fiery Emotions! or Thoughts that, mounted on Imagination's Wing, "ſoar the blue Profound, and ho-"ver round the Sun." Yet though I am a Stranger to theſe *fine* Feelings,

Feelings, I am contented; and though I cannot write Verſes ſo well as our *Heaven-born* Bards, I can do ſome Things better; for

"I pay my *Debts*, *believe*, and ſay my *Pray'rs*." POPE.

Now I would fain know which of our Poets, as MACHEATH ſays, can ſay as much?

—

AS poor as a Poet is a common Expreſſion. That Poets, in general, are poor is certain; nor is it a Wonder. The very Faculties that render them capable of literary Productions, hinder them from the Purſuits of Objects by which Fortunes are to be obtained. The nice Senſations of a Poet, would be affected ſo much at Things, which make no Impreſſion on the groſs Senſe of a Tradeſman,

Tradeſman, that he could never deſcend to execute them. A Man inſpired by the Muſe would diſdain to ſtand behind a Counter, to weigh Raiſins, or to meaſure Cloth: The Conſequence of which is, that while the Woollen-Draper and the Grocer ride in their Carriages, and fare ſumptuouſly every Day, the poor Poet is compelled to trudge on Foot, and not unfrequently to eat no other Dinner than what he finds with the Muſes. Yet the Poverty of Poets does not ariſe from the Want of Encouragement, or the Cheapneſs of poetical Commodities: There are few People in any Profeſſion who may command greater Prices for their Productions than *real* Poets; but it ariſes from their Contempt of Money, and their ſquandering it away: Whereas had they half the Reverence for a Guinea that the Tradeſman has, they might make as great a Fortune as he makes, without doing a Fiftieth

Part of the low dirty Drudgery that he does.

THE Pen of a judicious Critic, reſembles the Lancet of a ſkilful Surgeon. It may hurt the ſelf-Love of the conceited Author, but will adminiſter Eaſe to the prudent one; who will not only patiently bear its Attacks, but thank the Artiſt that holds it, and ſtrive to *grow better.*

WE ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed in a future State, as we have acted in this agreeable to the Conviction of our own Hearts, not according to the Rules or Creeds preſcribed or made for us by others.

others. Plain as this Fact ſeems to be, Mankind in general attend very little to it. They believe as their Fathers believed, and they act as their Fathers acted. They take their *Religion* upon Truſt, as being a Thing of ſmall Moment; but in a *temporal* Concern, in the Purchaſe of a Field, a Houſe, or a Barn, they think they cannot take too much Pains in examining into the *Title*.

IT is with the greateſt Satisfaction that the Philoſopher and Hiſtorian remark the Civilization of the preſent Age, in Multitudes of Particulars. But of all thoſe Practices diſgraceful to Humanity, which ſubſiſted in full Vigour, but are now happily almoſt extinct, we can look on none with greater Deteſtation than the Practice of

Aſſaſſination, which ſo univerſally prevailed but two Centuries ago, and particularly among the French and Scots, between whom, as Dr. ROBERTSON obſerves, there was, at that Time, a cloſe Intercourſe, and a ſurpriſing Reſemblance of national Characters. I ſhall here aſſign the Cauſes which gave Riſe to a Practice ſo ſhocking to Humanity, which are, in a great Meaſure, applicable to the modern, faſhionable Cuſtom of Duelling, which has ſucceeded Aſſaſſination, and which, in Fact, are like two Children that owe their Birth to the ſame Parent.

RESENTMENT is, for obvious and wiſe Reaſons, one of the ſtrongeſt Paſſions in the human Mind. The natural Demand of this Paſſion is, that the Perſon who feels the Injury ſhould himſelf inflict the Vengeance due on that Account. The permitting this, however, would have been deſtructive

deſtructive to Society; and Puniſhment would have known no Bounds, either in Severity or Duration. For this Reaſon, in the very Infancy of the ſocial State, the Sword was taken out of private Hands, and committed to the Magiſtrate. But at firſt, while Laws aimed at reſtraining, they really ſtrengthened the Principle of Revenge. The earlieſt and moſt ſimple Puniſhment for Crimes was Retaliation; the Offender forfeiting Limb for Limb, and Life for Life. The Payment of a Compenſation to the Perſon injured ſucceeded to the Rigour of the former Inſtitution. In both theſe the Gratification of private Revenge was the Object of Law; and he who ſuffered the Wrong was the only Perſon who had a Right to purſue, to exact, or to remit the Puniſhment. While Laws allowed ſuch full Scope to the Revenge of one Party, the Intereſts of the other were not neglected.

glected. If the Evidence of his Guilt did not amount to a full Proof, or if he reckoned himſelf to be unjuſtly accuſed, the Perſon to whom a Crime was imputed had a Right to challenge his Adverſary to ſingle Combat, and on obtaining the Victory, vindicated his own Honour. In almoſt every conſiderable Cauſe, whether civil or criminal, Arms were appealed to, in Defence, either of the Innocence or the Property of the Parties. Juſtice had ſeldom Occaſion to uſe her Balance; the Sword alone decided every Conteſt. The Paſſion of Revenge was nouriſhed by all theſe Means, and grew, by daily Indulgence, to be incredibly ſtrong. Mankind became habituated to Blood, not only in Times of War, but of Peace; and from this, as well as other Cauſes, contracted an amazing Ferocity of Temper, and of Manners. This Ferocity, however, made it neceſſary to diſcourage the Trial by Combat;

Combat; to aboliſh the Payment of Compenſations in criminal Caſes; and to think of ſome milder Method of terminating Diſputes concerning civil Rights. The Puniſhments for Crimes became more ſevere, and the Regulations concerning Property more fixed; but the Princes, whoſe Province it was to inflict the one, and to enforce the other, poſſeſſed little Power. Great Offenders deſpiſed their Authority; ſmaller ones ſheltered themſelves under the Juriſdiction of thoſe, from whoſe Protection they expected Impunity. The Adminiſtration of Juſtice was extremely feeble and dilatory. An Attempt to puniſh the Crimes of a Chieftain, or even of his Vaſſals, often excited Rebellions and civil Wars. To Nobles, haughty and independent, among whom the Cauſes of Diſcord were many and unavoidable, who were quick in diſcerning an Injury, and impatient to revenge it;

it; who eſteemed it infamous to ſubmit to an Enemy, and cowardly to forgive him; who conſidered the Right of puniſhing thoſe who had injured them, as a Privilege of their Order, and a Mark of Independence; ſuch ſlow Proceedings were extremely unſatisfactory. The Blood of their Adverſary was, in their Opinion, the only Thing which could waſh away an Affront: Where that was not ſhed, their Revenge was diſappointed, their Courage became ſuſpected, and a Stain was left on their Honour. That Vengeance, which the impotent Hand of the Magiſtrate could not inflict, their own could eaſily execute: Under Governments ſo feeble, Men aſſumed, as in a State of Nature, the Right of judging, and redreſſing their own Wrongs. And thus Aſſaſſination, a Crime of all others the moſt deſtructive to Society, came not only to be allowed,

allowed, but to be deemed honourable.

SUCH are the Cauſes which gave Birth to ſo ſhocking a Practice; but ſuch is the Influence of any national Cuſtom, both on the Underſtanding and on the Heart, and ſuch its Power in perverting or extinguiſhing moral Principles, that the Authors of thoſe Ages have imbibed the Sentiments of their Cotemporaries, with regard to Aſſaſſination; and they who had Leiſure to reflect and judge, appear to be no more ſhocked at this Crime, than the Perſons, who committed it during the Heat and Impetuoſity of Paſſion. Thus they relate with the utmoſt Indifference, and often with Marks of Approbation, Accounts of Aſſaſſinations, which would wound the finer Feelings of the preſent Age, and fill Men's Minds with Horror.

IGNO-

IGNORANCE and Impudence are generally united in the ſame Perſon. The Reaſon is, that the fine Feelings which accompany good Senſe, would effectually prevent that Conduct, which knows not the Senſe of Shame.

IT is ridiculous for a Man to be angry at not obtaining a Thing he has no Right to: Yet how often do we ſee Perſons who have been refuſed Places or Offices they would only diſgrace, fret and fume, and ſwear eternal Vengeance on thoſe who diſappointed them of their unjuſt Expectations! Real Merit is not over-forward in Solicitations; but if repulſed, it bears its Diſappointment with Fortitude, and modeſtly ſuffers in Silence.

THE

THE Decay of Eloquence has been pathetically lamented by many great Men; the Inferiority of modern to antient Oratory has been attempted to be ſhewn; and the vaſt Advantages that would ariſe from the Reſtoration of what Authors term, a long-loſt Art, have been enumerated and diſplayed with all the Skill the Lovers of Oratory were Maſters of. For my Part, I am far from thinking the Antients poſſeſſed ſuch a vaſt Superiority over the Moderns as is repreſented: But the Reaſon the Moderns do not often exert their Genius in that Species of Oratory the Antients poſſeſſed is, that it would have no Effect. We are told of prodigious great Things obtained by Oratory. I am willing to believe them; but at the ſame

ſame Time, I muſt aſcribe them to the Ignorance of the Age, that could be worked up to all the Paſſions the human Frame is ſuſceptible of, by the mere Sound of Words, inſtead of coolly liſtening to Reaſon and Argument. The Moderns could, no Doubt, attack the Paſſions of an Audience in the ſame Manner the Antients did, by Vehemence of Action and Pronunciation, but that they well know Mankind attend now more to Senſe than Sound. Were DEMOSTHENES, CICERO or PERICLES, to uſe half the Tricks in the Houſe of Commons, or a Court of Juſtice, they uſed in the Roman-Senate, or Forum, — to wipe their Brow with the *Sudarium* --to ſtamp vehemently on the Floor — to extend wide their Arms —to writhe their Bodies in various Contortions; inſtead of exciting that general Tremor and Aſtoniſhment which the Romans manifeſted, they would be regarded by the more

more rational Britons either with Indifference and Contempt, or received with a Laugh. In a Word, a modern Audience would reſent the Inſolence of a Speaker who could imagine they were weak enough to be miſled by his Rhetoric; and inſtead of admiring the Graces of his Elocution and Action, would call to him to ſpeak *to the Point*. If, however, we would ſee the full Force of Oratory, let us attend a Methodiſt's Meeting, that is compoſed of the loweſt of the People, and who, in Point of Senſe, we may ſuppoſe nearly on a Par with a Roman Mob, and we ſhall find that the Preacher, though he cannot boaſt of great intellectual Abilities, has as full a Power over the Paſſions of his Audience, as the greateſt of the Greek or Roman Orators ever could have over theirs. Is not this an evident Proof of the Juſtice of my Remark, that it is owing to Ignorance alone that

People are ſo moved by the Power of Oratory?

THERE is a quaint, affected Manner of writing that hath greatly prevailed of late, among our literary Macaronies and travelled Coxcombs, with which I am greatly diſpleaſed. Indeed, all Cant Phraſes I abhor; but theſe Gentry I allude to can ſcarce write a ſingle Page, without uſing ſuch vile Jargon as ſeems to be imitated from the uncouth Dialect uſed by Thieves and Pick-Pockets, and which may be ſeen in the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*. Theſe Coxcombs, who call themſelves Men of Letters, I ſuppoſe for the ſame Reaſon that pennyleſs Officers call themſelves Soldiers of Fortune, if ſpeaking of a Bawd, to ſhew their Wit, call her a *Mother Abbeſs*;—

if

if deſcribing Bath, Cheltenham, Tunbridge, or Epſom, they call them the *watering Places*;—if mentioning our matchleſs ELIZABETH, they call her *Queen* BESS;—if talking of a Widow, they call her the *Dowager*, or the *old Tabby*;—if ſhewing how a Stockbroker happened to ſuſtain a Loſs, by the Fall of Stocks, they tell us, that *a lame Duck waddled out of the Alley*;—and in ſpeaking of Perſons, they will mention in twenty Places in a Page, that *a* Mr. ſuch-a-one did or ſaid ſuch a Thing. So too they wittily call a Gambler a *Black Legs*; the Sum of twenty thouſand Pounds, a *Plum*; and for inſuring any Thing, they ſay that it was *done* at ſuch a Sum. As to the Word *Style*, it is miſerably tortured. It is applied to a thouſand different Purpoſes. Formerly we uſed to confine it to writing; but now affected Pedants and Petit-Maitres talk of a *Style* of Building—a *Style* of Playing—a

Style of Preaching—a *Style* of Life—a *Style* of Painting—a *Style* of Dancing—a *Style* of Fencing—a *Style* of Muſic—a *Style* of Carving—a *Style* of Dreſſing—a *Style* of Eating—a *Style* of Acting—in ſhort, a *Style* of every Thing.

TO obſerve in what different Manner People diſpoſe of their Fortunes in their Wills, in Conſequence of their different Modes of Thinking, is really entertaining. Some, who have, by the conſtant Practice of Tricking and Chicane, amaſſed large Treaſures, when lying on the Bed of Sickneſs, whence they have no longer Hopes of riſing, will leave large Sums to endow Hoſpitals or build Chapels, as if they could that Way compound for their paſt Miſdeeds, and bribe HEAVEN to pardon

don them. Some, of a ſingular Diſpoſition, will leave their Fortunes to People whom they never ſaw, merely becauſe they bear the ſame Names. Some will bequeath Annuities to favourite Animals of various Kinds, and charge their Eſtates with Sums of Money to maintain Cats and board Dogs. Some, of patriotic Principles, will leave a few Pounds towards the Payment of the national Debt. In ſhort, the boundleſs Variety of Legacies we hear and read of in the public Papers is amazing, and points out in a very ſtriking Manner, the different Tempers and Humours of Men, which in a free State are as various as their Features, and reign with an uncontroulable Energy. A Friend of mine, who had Numbers of near Relations in no very exalted Spheres of Life, left the whole of his large Eſtate to the late Earl of CHATHAM; and another very intimate Friend of mine, who had

no Relations he cared a Pin for, left five hundred Pounds Legacy to JOHN WILKES, Eſq; for defending, as himſelf expreſſed it, the Engliſh Conſtitution againſt the Attacks of tyrannical Miniſters. I ſhall make no Remark on the former of theſe Legacies; but as to the latter I highly approve of it, as it fully evinced the Patriotiſm and Generoſity of as worthy a Man, and, perhaps, as ingenious a Writer as ever lived.—Of all the Species of Legacies I have ever heard of, none pleaſes me more than ſome that have been left to Authors. Men of Genius are not often rich; and handſome Legacies left to ſuch, I think better beſtowed than moſt of thoſe I have before enumerated. FIELDING was left a conſiderable Legacy, for the Pleaſure, as the Teſtator expreſſed it, he had received in reading TOM JONES. I have heard of ſome other Legacies of this Nature; but as they are not numerous,

numerous, and were bequeathed a long Time ago, I cannot recollect them. A Man, poſſeſſed of a large Fortune, that has either no near Relations, or very rich Ones, certainly cannot do better than to bequeath a Part of it to ſome favourite Author, to whom he has lain under Obligations for many a merry Hour. Nay, I think it but a bare Act of Juſtice.

THUS have I pleaded the Cauſe of Genius; and if what I have ſaid ſhould engage Men of Wealth to think of Men of Wit, and induce them to make them a handſome Compenſation for the Pleaſure they have reaped from their Writings; (for the mere buying a Book is not compenſating its Author) I ſhall think my Labour in penning the Obſervation not idly beſtowed: And if any Man of Fortune and Liberality ſhould apply what is here ſaid to HIMSELF, and to the Author of theſe FREE

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS, he has my hearty Leave.

I HAVE ever been of Opinion, that mere ſpeculative Notions, that do not affect the Practice of Mankind, are not proper Objects for the Cognizance of any State, or the Interpoſition of any Magiſtrate: But how far the Propagation of ſuch Notions is juſtifiable on the Principles of either Reaſon or Prudence, I ſhall not pretend to determine. For my own Part, I muſt confeſs, that if in any important Article I thought different from the greateſt and wiſeſt of Men, that I ſhould be very uneaſy, and apt to diſtruſt my own Judgment, till a full and thorough Examination into the Subject had confirmed me in my Sentiments,

Sentiments, or induced me to alter them. But as I am always willing to allow others the divine Right of private Judgment; ſo I ſhould be glad that they would be ſo wiſe as to allow it to me. A Difference in Sentiment, in Matters merely ſpeculative, is of no Sort of Conſequence: Perhaps it may be uſeful in the Syſtem of Morals, as a Variety is confeſſedly ſo in the Works of Nature. Be this as it may, Perſecution is ever odious; for that may truly be called, playing the Devil for GOD's Sake.

CREEDS can no more be manufactured to fit every one's Mind, than a Bed of PROCRUSTES can be formed to fit their Bodies. Eſtabliſhments and Syſtems may ſuit Tyrants and Epiſcopalians; but can never be defended

fended on rational Principles, or the genuine Spirit of the Goſpel. If Syſtems and Eſtabliſhments were agreeable to the DIVINITY, and to the rough but honeſt Notions of our Forefathers, Chriſtianity would not have taken Place in the World, nor would the Brunſwick Family now ſway the Engliſh Sceptre.—Theſe Things ought ſeriouſly to be attended to by all thoſe who conſider as heterodox, both in Religion and Politics, whatever does not agree with their own Opinions. GEORGE III. in particular, ſhould be a zealous DEFENDER OF THIS FAITH, to the Maintainance and Triumph of which, he owes the Excluſion of a Family from the Throne that was a Diſgrace to it, and the Election of a Family to the Throne, that cannot, or if they could, would not plead that juſtly exploded Title to it called *hereditary* and *divine Right*.

IT

IT has often excited the Surprize of Authors, that among the Lacedæmonians, who were a virtuous as well as warlike People, that all Manner of Theft ſhould be permitted by their Laws. No other Reaſon can be aſſigned for this glaring Deviation from the Rules of Morality, than that they imagined the Practice tended to inſtruct their Youth in the Stratagems of War. But this was acting extremely abſurd; for the apparent Advantages of any Action, evil in itſelf, cannot counterbalance the Injuries that are done to the Morals of the People. The Spartan Boy, that ſtole a Fox, and ſuffered it to eat into his Entrails, without diſcovering the Pain he endured, ſhould have been early taught to bear all Manner of Hardſhips

Hardſhips rather than violate the Principles of Morality: This Kind of Fortitude, would have been as far preferable to that he diſcovered, as Virtue is to Vice; for the beſt Character we can give that Boy, is the ſame we often give to Highwaymen, Robbers and Pyrates, being "ſtout in a "bad Cauſe."

THEFT was much encouraged amongſt the antient Egyptians. Theſe, though a wiſe People, reduced the Practice of Thieving into a Kind of Syſtem; for it was provided by a Law, that whoever was deſirous of following the Trade of Thieving, ſhould firſt enter his Name with the Captain of the Gang, and ſhould bring in all his Booty to him, in order that the right Owner might know

know where to apply for the Recovery of his Goods, which were reſtored to him on paying a fourth Part of the Value.—Such is the Account that DIODORUS SICULUS gives us; and we may obſerve, that the modern Egyptians, or at leaſt thoſe Gangs of People who paſs under that Name, and whoſe Dexterity in pilfering and plundering whatever they can lay their Hands on, the Farmers and Country People have often been melancholy Witneſſes to, do not much differ from their Progenitors; for they are ſtill great Adepts in the Sleight of Hand, as well as in the pretended Science of telling People's Fortunes.

THEFT was not puniſhed with Death by the Engliſh till a few Centuries ago, but a Com-

mutation in Money, called a *Weregild*, accepted in Lieu. At length Thefts and Robberies became ſo frequent, that it was found neceſſary to be more ſevere: Then, if a Perſon was robbed of above a Shilling, the Robber ſuffered Death. The ſame Law, nearly, ſubſiſts ſtill. But we are to obſerve, that a Shilling in thoſe Days was equal to fifty Times that Sum in theſe. This Conſideration has given Cauſe to one of our Law-Writers, (SPELMAN, I think it was) to obſerve, that however exorbitant the Neceſſaries and Proviſions of Life have increaſed, the Price of a Man's Life is greatly reduced.

IT has often been a Matter of Debate, "Whether a Mem-
"ber of Parliament is to be guid-
"ed

" ed by his own Opinion, in the " national Council, or to follow " that of his Conſtituents?"—It is not often that wiſe and diſintereſted Men will differ in their Sentiments of Matters of Importance; but ſhould ſuch a Caſe happen between the Conſtituent and Repreſentative, I would only beg Leave to aſk the latter; " Pray, my " good Sir, do you conſider your- " ſelf as a Luminary that ſhine " from your own, or a borrowed " Light? If you acknowledge you " have not a Plenitude of Power " from yourſelf, but derive it " from others; if you own, your- " ſelf, not the Principal, but a " Truſtee; if you conſider, that " within a Century Repreſenta- " tives, as Servants, received Wa- " ges of their *Maſters*, for their " Services; you give up the Point, " and no more need be ſaid on ſo " plain a Caſe."

A LIFE of Independence has been repreſented by Multitudes of Authors as a Life of perfect Happineſs. I ſhall not controvert ſo juſt an Opinion; for I am perſuaded, that a perfectly independent Man would be a perfectly happy Man. But the Truth is, that neither perfect Independence nor perfect Happineſs is to be met with on Earth. He, however, who approaches the neareſt to Independency is ſo much the nearer to Happineſs, than the Crowd of dependant Mortals who lag behind at a vaſt, vaſt Diſtance from the wiſh'd-for Goal. Such is the State of Man, and ſo intimately connected are we with each other, that no one can entirely detach himſelf from the general Union. In the great SOCIAL CHAIN

CHAIN every Link is united, tho' perhaps at an imperceptible Diſtance. Were this Chain broken, Society would be diſſolved, and Anarchy muſt enſue.—But how, it may be aſked, are we to arrive at that State of Independence, meant by Authors? In Truth, I know of no better Way, than to follow the Example of that honeſt, practical Philoſopher, JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU; who, inſtead of graſping at Wealth or Honours, like the Generality of Mankind, contracts his Deſires within a narrow Circle, and enjoys all his Wiſhes. This Perſon truly deſerves the Name of *Sage*. He has withſtood the ſplendid Offers of a Court, and the Preſents of the Great: He would not be penſioned by GEORGE III. nor accept the Purſe of a German Princeſs. This honeſt Spirit of *Independence* he diſplays muſt gain the Approbation of all that have a Regard for Virtue; but, ſo perverſe are

ſome Men, that they impute the Conduct of the Genevan Philoſopher to Pride and Obſtinacy, inſtead of imputing it, as I do, to a generous, diſintereſted, philoſophic Spirit, that diſdains to accept the glittering Gewgaws that Fools and Knaves ſigh for, at the Expence of the SOUL'S HEALTH AND FREEDOM.

THE Inſtances the hiſtoric Page affords us of Superſtition are ſo numerous, and ſome of them ſo humorous, that I have often wiſhed a judicious Selection was made for the Benefit of the World, and the Honour of common Senſe. Such a Work would certainly be more advantageous to the Cauſe of true Religion, than whole Volumes of argumentative Tracts, that treat the Subject ſyſtematically:

tematically: For it has been found by Experience, that to reaſon with thoſe who do not own the Majeſty of Reaſon, is fighting with the Wind. The following Anecdote I remember to have met with in HARRIS's Voyages, of a Sophy of Perſia, who was both ſuperſtitious and iniquitous, is worthy of Notice. In 1573, he was deſirous of remitting a conſiderable Sum of Money to Mecca, in Arabia, as an Offering to *Mahomet*; and ſome Engliſh Merchants being at his Court at that Time, he applied to them, deſiring a certain Quantity of their Coin for an equal Quantity of his own; frankly confeſſing that his own pecuniary Poſſeſſions were acquired by ſuch Fraud, Oppreſſion and diſhoneſt Means, as rendered them unworthy to be applied to holy Purpoſes; but that the Money amaſſed by the Merchants was the Reward of Integrity, and a fit Oblation to that Prophet in whom

whom there was no Vice.—This Man acknowledged himſelf to be a Rogue; but being a ſuperſtitious one, he wanted to bribe HEAVEN with the Spoils of his Guilt. His Caſuiſtry too is worthy Obſervation. He had been taught that Money acquired by Fraud was not acceptable to the DEITY; and therefore he was deſirous to exchange his ill-got Gains for the honeſt Ones of Merchandize. What Ignorance was this! not to know, that had he exchanged his Gold ten Times over, his Preſent would have been the ſame, for his *Heart was not changed.*

I BELIEVE there is not a more ſalutary Beverage in the World than Hyſon Tea. It promotes Expectoration, cleanſes the Maſs of Blood, creates an Appetite,

tite, aſſiſts Digeſtion, raiſes the Spirits, fortifies the Stomach, clears the Senſes, and expels thoſe noxious Particles which might prove the Seeds of a Multitude of Diſorders. I have known the nobleſt Effects produced by the Uſe of Tea, after all other Medicines, (for I will call Hyſon Tea, not only a Medicine, but a powerful Reſtorative) had failed. I am perſuaded that the Out-cry raiſed againſt Tea, by the Gentlemen of the medical Fraternity, is owing to its poſſeſſing Virtues ſuperior to half of the Drugs in the Pharmacopeia. Tea is the Phyſicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, and *Undertakers* greateſt Foe. It preſerves Peoples Health; it reſtores them to Health, if ſick; it gives them the full Uſe of their Faculties; it aſſiſts Invention; aids Memory; helps the Judgment; and brightens the Wit. Were Hyſon Tea diſuſed, many Diſorders would prevail, which now we are happily

ly

ly free from. As to the Charge of its being hurtful to the nervous Syſtem, it is entirely groundleſs. It is not the Tea, but the hot Water that, relaxing the Nerves, cauſes a Trembling or Shaking. People ſhould not drink their Tea too hot. With this Precaution, they may drink as much Hyſon Tea as they chooſe; and bid Defiance to the whole Tribe of the Children of old GALEN, and the Undertakers of Funerals, who view with the greateſt Sorrow and Indignation the Diminution of their Practice, by ſuch a ſalutary Medicine, and ſuch an excellent Beverage.

ON HYSON TEA.

[Extempore.]

IF the dire Seeds of Illneſs you'd expel,
Drink Hyſon Tea, and ſoon you will be well:
For Hyſon Tea theſe great Effects can boaſt,
Sound Health it ſtrengthens, and reſtores Health loſt.

On

On the ſame Subject.

To an eminent Tea-Dealer.

LET Vineyards love proud LUSITANIA's Coaſt,
And faithleſs GALLIA hungry Clarets boaſt,
Let white-clift ALBION boaſt her Beer; thy Tea
Is Nectar and Ambroſia to me.

To ſhew that I am not ſingular in my Opinion of the Virtues of Tea, I ſhall here ſubjoin an Account of it by a very learned and ingenious French Author.

" LE Thé eſt la Boiſſon ordinaire
" des Chinois. Ce ne fut pas un
" vain Caprice qui en introduiſit
" l'Uſage. Dans preſque tout
" leur Empire, les Eaux ſont mal-
" ſaines & de mauvais Goût. De
" tous les Moyens qu'on imagina
" pour les améliorer, il n'y eut
" que le Thé qui eut un Succès
" entier. L'Expérience lui fit at-
" tribuer

" tribuer d'autres Vertus. On ſe
" perſuada que c'étoit un excel-
" lent Diſſolvant, qui purifioit
" le Sang, qui fortifioit la Tête
" & l'Eſtomac, qui facilitoit la
" Digeſtion & la Tranſpiration.

" La haute Opinion que les pre-
" miers Européens qui pénétrerent
" à la Chine, ſe formerent du Peu-
" ple qui l' habite, leur fit adop-
" ter l'Idée, peut-être exagérée,
" qu'il avoit du Thé. Ills nous com-
" muniquerent leur Enthouſiaſme,
" & cet Enthouſiaſme a été toujours
" en augmentant dans le Nord
" de l'Europe & de l'Amérique,
" dans les Contrées où l'Air eſt
" groſſier & chargé de Vapeurs.

" Quelle que ſoit en général
" la force des Préjuges, on ne
" peut guère douter que le Thé
" ne produiſe quelques heureux
" Effets chez les Nations qui en
" ont le plus univerſellement
" adopté l'Uſage. Ce Bien ne
" doit

" doit pas être pourtant ce qu'il
" eſt à la Chine même. On ſait
" que les Chinois gardent pour
" eux le Thé le mieux choiſi & le
" mieux ſoigné. On ſait qu'ils
" mêlent ſouvent au Thé qui ſort
" de l'Empire d'autres Feuilles,
" qui, quoique reſſemblantes pour
" la Forme, peuvent avoir des
" Propriétés differentes. On ſait
" que la grande Exportation qui ſe
" fait du Thé, les a rendus moins
" difficiles ſur le Choix du terrein,
" & moins exacts pour les Prepa-
" rations. Notre Maniere de le
" prendre, ſe joint à ces Négli-
" gences, à ces Infidélités. Nous
" le buvons trop chaud & trop
" fort. Nous y mêlons toujours
" beaucoup de Sucre, ſouvent des
" Odeurs, & quelquefois des Li-
" queurs nuiſibles. Indépendam-
" ment de ces Conſidérations, le
" long Trajet qu'il fait par Mer
" ſuffiroit pour lui faire perdre la
" plus grande Partie de ſes Sels bi-
" enfaiſans."

WHILE the Engliſh Language, in little more than a Century, hath attained to its preſent State of Perfection, that of the Scots is very little, if at all, improved. This is eaſily accounted for. At the Acceſſion of JAMES I. to the Throne of England, the Scotch were deprived of all the Objects that refine or animate a People, of the Preſence of their Prince, of the Concourſe of Nobles, of the Splendor and Elegance of a Court. No domeſtic Standard of Propriety and Correctneſs of Speech remained. The few Compoſitions that Scotland produced, were tried by the Engliſh Standard; and every Word or Phraſe that varied in the leaſt from that, was condemned as barbarous: Whereas if the two Nations

Nations had continued diſtinct, each might have retained Idioms and Forms of Speech peculiar to itſelf; and theſe, rendered faſhionable by the Example of a Court, and ſupported by the Authority of Writers of Reputation, would have been conſidered in the ſame Light with the Varieties occaſioned by the different Dialects in the Greek Tongue, would have been marked as Beauties, and, in many Caſes, uſed promiſcuouſly by the Authors of both Nations. But, by the Acceſſion, the Engliſh naturally became the ſole Judges and Lawgivers in Language, and rejected as Soleciſms, every Form of Speech to which their Ear was not accuſtomed. However, the Scotch Nation have no great Reaſon to regret their not having cultivated their native Language; as the great Improvement they have made in one ſuperior to it, is more than an adequate Recompence; and enables their Writers to communicate more

extenſively, that Fund of Learning and Science they poſſeſs in a Degree, not excelled by any other Nation.

WHAT I have ſaid of the Scotch Language is applicable, but in a far greater Degree, to the Iriſh. The Iriſh Language, though nervous and harmonious, is very little ſtudied; and its Influence is confined to a narrow Circle. In Cities and great Towns ſcarce any one underſtands it; and it is not in Villages, among Peaſants and Ruſtics, that literary Elegance or Correctneſs muſt be ſought: Of Courſe, therefore, the Iriſh Tongue does not bid fair for Longevity or Improvement. To improve a Language learned Authors muſt often write it, and publiſh in that Language their new Diſcoveries in Arts and Sciences, as well as their Productions of Genius, Wit and Humour. Without theſe Language cannot hope for any long

long Duration. But the Iriſh has long ceaſed to be written or printed; and what Knowledge there is of it has been chiefly conveyed verbally, that is, by the loweſt Order of the People talking in that Dialect to their Children. Now, I muſt own, I am not a little grieved at theſe Circumſtances. I think the Iriſh Language deſerving of Cultivation. It has a Force and a Tenderneſs of Expreſſion peculiar to itſelf. As CHARLES the Fifth declared, that were he to ſpeak to his *Horſe*, it ſhould be in *high-German*, and were he to addreſs his *Miſtreſs*, it ſhould be in *Italian*; I muſt take Leave to ſay, that were I to vent the Rage of the fiery ACHILLES on the haughty AGAMEMNON, it ſhould be in *Iriſh*; and were I to ſolicit a Favour from the VEIN OF MY HEART, it ſhould alſo be in *Iriſh*.

THE Abſurdity of judicial Aſtrology has often been expoſed by many ingenious Writers, yet ſtill ſuperſtitious Ignorance and Credulity embrace the Doctrine. That the Stars have no Influence on the free-Will of Man, and cannot govern the different Parts of the human Body, Chriſtianity teaches us, and right Reaſon evinces. But even ſuppoſing, that in Times of old, a Perſon born when a particular Planet was in its firſt Degree, was ſubject to the Influence attributed to that Planet, as for Inſtance, to be warlike when *Mars* predominated, to be amorous when *Venus*, witty or commercial when *Mercury*, long-lived or wealthy when *Jupiter*, dull when *Saturn*, &c. &c. preſided; yet now Mankind cannot be under

der the Influences of the Planets in the ſame Manner, ſince the celeſtial *Signs* have, by little and little, receded from the vernal Equinox, and drawn back to the Eaſt. Their Places therefore being changed, the Rules of Aſtrology, to be conſiſtent, ſhould be changed alſo; and the Influences attributed to one Planet, ſhould be attributed to another, perhaps quite the Reverſe. Notwithſtanding that all the Signs have gradually drawn back from the vernal Equinox, the Point of the Zodiac that cuts the Equator is ſtill called the firſt Degree of the *Ram*, though the firſt Star of the *Ram*, be thirty Degrees beyond it, and all the other Signs in the ſame Proportion. When therefore any one is ſaid to be born under the firſt Degree of the *Ram*, it was in Reality one of the Degrees of *Piſces* that then came above the Horizon; and when another is ſaid to be born with a royal Soul and heroic Diſpoſitions,

Diſpoſitions, becauſe at his Birth the Planet *Jupiter* aſcended the Horizon, in Conjunction with the firſt Star of *Sagittary*; *Jupiter* was at that Time in Conjunction with a Star thirty Degrees Eaſtward of *Sagittary*; ſo that, in Fact, it was the pernicious *Scorpion*, that preſided at the Birth of this happy, this incomparable Child—From this real State of the Caſe, People may ſee what Credit is due to this puerile, deceitful Art; an Art that, abſtracted from hard Names and technical Terms, that Rogues uſe to gull Fools, has nothing in it but what common Senſe revolts at, and true Religion muſt condemn, as injurious to Morality: For inſtead of the Exerciſe of Prudence and wiſe Precaution, Aſtrology ſubſtitutes ſuperſtitious Forms and childiſh Practices, enervates the Courage of the Brave by Apprehenſions grounded on Puns and Quibbles, and encourages the Wicked, by making them lay to

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the Charge of a Planet, thoſe Evils which proceed only from their own Depravity; teaching People the fallacious Mode of Reaſoning of HANS CARVEL'S Wife,

"That if weak Women go aſtray,
"Their *Stars* are more in Fault than they."

[For a Deſcription of the *Signs* in the Zodiac, ſee Page 174.]

OF all the evil Practices in the World, none ſeem to me ſo fooliſh as that of profane Curſing and Swearing. What can argue a weaker Head or a worſe Heart, than for a Man to be every Moment calling on HEAVEN to inflict on him the heavieſt of Puniſhments, and to deprive him of the Uſe of his Limbs and Faculties? If he is not ſerious in his Appeals

Appeals to and Calls on Heaven, he approves himſelf a moſt egregious Fool: If he really is ſerious, when he beſeeches GOD to d—— his Soul, or blaſt his Limbs, he owns himſelf to be a moſt impious Villain. Almoſt every Vice that diſgraces human Nature, may be kept in Countenance by Applauſe and Aſſociation. Almoſt every Vice too carries ſome Temptation with it; but Swearing none. When therefore a Man receives the Puniſhment due for profaning the ſacred Name of GOD, and daring his Wrath, on the moſt trifling Occaſions; what muſt the condemned Criminal's Feelings be, when, ſtanding in the Face of Heaven, and in the Preſence of Millions of Myriads of Angels, and all the Sons of Men who have ever lived from the Beginning of the World, he ſhall hear theſe Words pronounced! "There "ſtands a willing Victim of Hea-"ven's Wrath. He might have "taſted

" taſted of immortal Happineſs,
" but he ſcornfully rejected it.
" He rejected it for the Practice of
" a Vice that brought him no
" Pleaſure, and to which he had
" no Incitement. Self-condemn-
" ed, he muſt be thrown into the
" bottomleſs Pit, from whence
" there is no Redemption. There
" he will be with Spirits like him-
" ſelf. He is not fit for Heaven,
" nor could he be happy there.
" The Hymns of Seraphs, Arch-
" angels and all the celeſtial Hoſt,
" would be Diſcord to his Ears.
" Plunge him therefore into the
" deepeſt Hell, where he will
" eternally hear infernal Curſes
" and Execrations, in which he
" ſo much delighted while on
" Earth."

A GOOD Man may unknowingly, in ſome very particular

lar Caſe, injure another; but though it was undeſignedly, he feels a lively Sorrow for it, and makes the beſt Compenſation in his Power. But the bad Man who voluntarily does his Neighbour Wrong, glories in it, and will never pardon that Neighbour. "The Genevans have injured me," ſays ROUSSEAU, "therefore they will not forgive "me." So the Poet—

"Forgiveneſs to the Injur'd does be long;
"They never pardon who have done
"the Wrong."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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